

THE MOUND
1914



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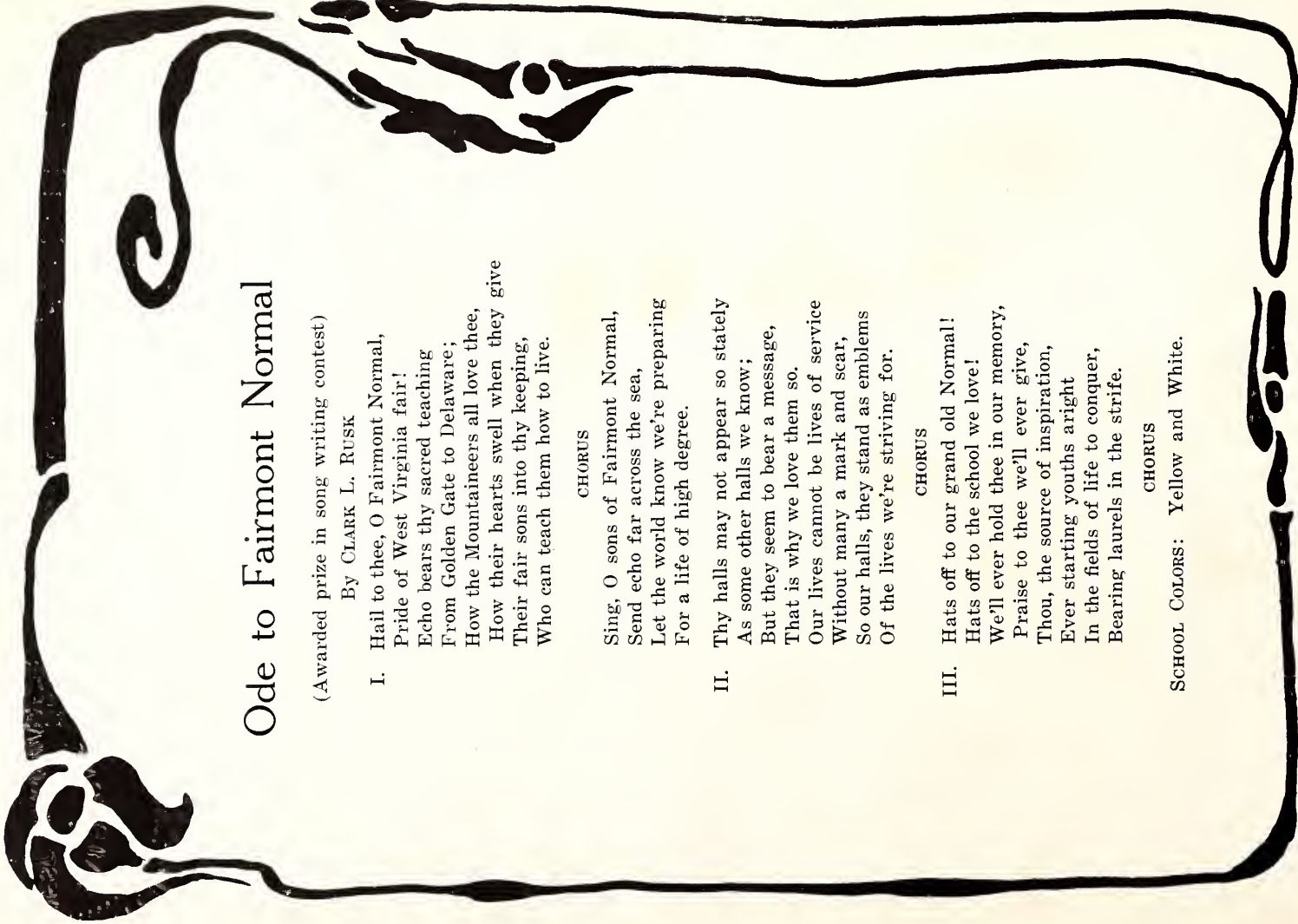
Fairmont State Normal School

Published by the
Senior Class
F. S. N. S.
1914



The Mound

THE CHAMPLIN PRESS
COLUMBUS, OHIO



Ode to Fairmont Normal

(Awarded prize in song writing contest)

By CLARK L. RUSK

- I. Hail to thee, O Fairmont Normal,
Pride of West Virginia fair!
Echo bears thy sacred teaching
From Golden Gate to Delaware;
How the Mountaineers all love thee,
How their hearts swell when they give
Their fair sons into thy keeping,
Who can teach them how to live.

CHORUS

Sing, O sons of Fairmont Normal,
Send echo far across the sea,
Let the world know we're preparing
For a life of high degree.

- II. Thy halls may not appear so stately
As some other halls we know;
But they seem to bear a message,
That is why we love them so.
Our lives cannot be lives of service
Without many a mark and scar,
So our halls, they stand as emblems
Of the lives we're striving for.

CHORUS

- III. Hats off to our grand old Normal!
Hats off to the school we love!
We'll ever hold thee in our memory,
Praise to thee we'll ever give,
Thou, the source of inspiration,
Ever starting youths aright
In the fields of life to conquer,
Bearing laurels in the strife.

CHORUS

SCHOOL COLORS: Yellow and White.

RB
378.754
Film
1914

Foreword

“Caesar dixit: ‘sit tumulus’.”

But Caesar was not the only one who uttered these words, and in obedience to that latter utterance, the senior class of the Fairmont State Normal School, for six years, has published an annual, “The Mound.” Following the custom, we are publishing the seventh edition, which, it is our earnest hope, may truly represent our school and school life in many, if not all, of its phases. As for the imperfections, may the criticisms be gentle, for not only have we done our best as the Board, but we are the Bored. Our hopes for our Mound are best expressed in the words of a poet:

Go, little book, and wish to all
Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall,
A bin of wine, a spice of wit,
A house with lawns enclosing it,
A living river by the door,
And a nightingale in the sycamore.

Dedication

TO

MRS. N. R. C. MORROW,

AN ESTEEMED AND BELOVED MEMBER OF OUR FACULTY,

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED FOURTEEN

OF

THE FAIRMONT STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

DEDICATES THIS BOOK.



MRS. N. R. C. MORROW



FROM THE FEMININE VIEW-POINT



NORMAL SCHOOL BUILDING



THE CAMPUS COURT



A FACULTY MEMBER RUSTICATING



MONONGAHELA AT FLOOD STAGE



THE MOUND IN WINTER



A WEST VIRGINIA HILL



A BOTANY "HIKE"

FACULTY



O. I. WOODLEY, A.M.

President

Normal School, Ypsilanti; Albion College, Michigan, A.B.; Normal School, Ypsilanti, M.Pd.; Columbia University, A.M.



CHESTER P. HIGBY, A.B., A.M.
History and Assistant to the President

A.B., Bucknell University, 1908; A.M., Bucknell University, 1909;
Student Columbia University Summer School, 1909-10-11-13; History
Teacher H. S., 1908-11; History Teacher F. S. N. S., 1911-12-13-14; Mem-
ber of American Historical Association; American Political Science Asso-
ciation; History Teachers' Association of Middle States and Maryland;
Academy of Political Science, New York.



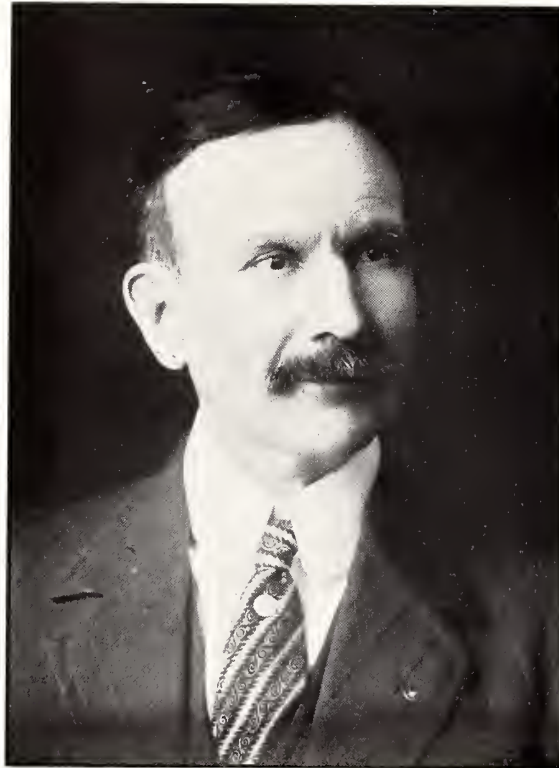
HAROLD FRANTZ ROGERS, A.B.
Chemistry and Physics

A.B., West Virginia University, 1901, after four years' residence;
Graduate Study, W. V. U., 1902; Science teacher, F. S. N. S., 1903-4;
Same position at Glenville State Normal, 1904-6; Graduate student, Har-
vard University, 1906-8; A.M., Harvard, 1908; Present position since
1908; Member of the American Chemical Society and of the Association
of Harvard Chemists.



ELIZABETH M. STALAKER, A.B.
German and French

A.B., West Virginia University, 1902; Student Columbia University Summer School, 1904 and 1913; Student Alliance Francaise and Cours de la Roumenil Nogue, Paris, 1907; travel and study in Europe, summers 1906 and 1910; graduate student Columbia University, year 1912-13; instructor of modern languages, Shepherd College State Normal School, Shepherdstown, W. Va.; instructor of Modern Languages, Fairmont Normal since 1907.



A. J. DAVIS, A.M., LL.D.

Psychology and Latin

M.E.D., State Normal School, Edinboro, Pa., 1881; M.S., Lebanon, Ohio, 1886; A.M., Bucknell University, Pa., 1888; LL.D., Monongahela, Pa., 1875-1880; Superintendent Training School for Natives, Sitka, Alaska, 1885; Principal State Normal School, Clarion, Pa., 1888-1902; Fairmont State Normal School, 1909-14; Present position, Greeley, California.



DORCAS PRICHARD, A.B.
English and History

Graduate F. S. N. S., 1903; Taught in Rivesville graded schools and Fairmont public schools; A.B., West Virginia University, 1910; Student, Columbia University Summer School, 1913; Present position since September, 1910.



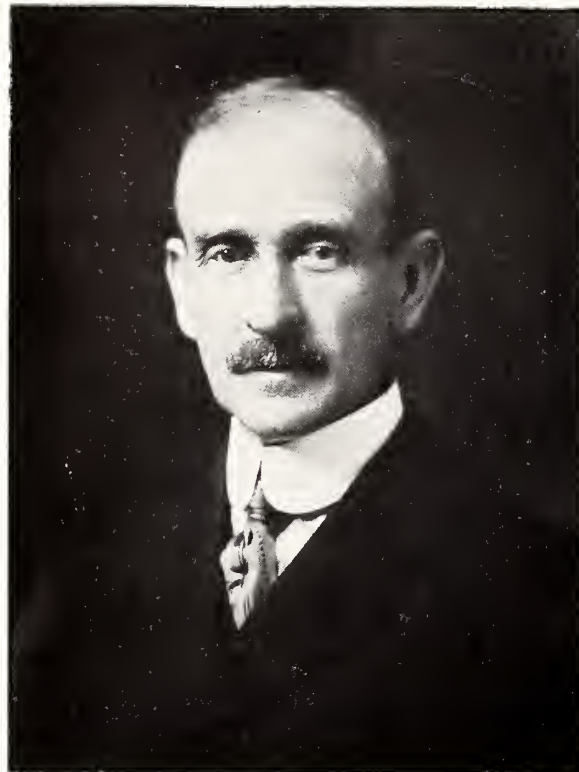
E. L. LIVELY, B.Sc.Agr.
Biology and Agriculture

Fayetteville Academy; Marshall College, State Normal School;
B.Sc.Agr., West Virginia University, 1912; Taught one hundred and one
months in public schools, high schools, and normal schools of West
Virginia.



ETHEL ICE, A.B.
Mathematics

Fairmont State Normal School; A.B., West Virginia University, 1910; Teacher of German, Clarksburg High School, 1910-1912; present position since 1912.



E. E. MERCER, A.B.
Mathematics

A.B., University of Nashville, 1891; Teacher in Waco College, Waco, Texas, 1892-1893; Principal of Schools, Berkeley Springs, W. Va., 1893-1895; Teacher in F. S. N. S., 1895-1899; Principal F. H. S., 1899-1901; Teacher of Mathematics, F. S. N. S., 1901; Student Harvard Summer School, summers 1904-1906; Spent Summers of 1907 and 1910 in Europe.



LAURA F. LEWIS, A.B.
English

Undergraduate student of W. Va. Wesleyan; graduate of F. S. N. S., 1898; A.B. of W. V. U., 1890-1897; Mannington High School, 1898-1901; Fairmont High School, 1901-1904; Shepherd College State Normal, 1907-8; F. S. N. S., 1908-9; Concord Normal, 1909-1913; present position, 1913-14.



G. M. CORNETT, A.M.
Education

A.B., University of Nashville, 1903; A.B., University of West Virginia, 1908; A.M., University of Missouri, 1912; Superintendent of Schools, Fries, Va., 1903-6; Principal High School, Bluefield, W. Va., 1908-11; Principal Mannington High School, 1912-13; Present position, 1914.



MARY JANE EATON
Art and Domestic Science

Graduate of High School, Circleville, Ohio; Primary Teacher, Circleville, Ohio; Graduate Public School Art Department, Ohio University; Teacher in Public School Drawing Department, Ohio University; Supervisor Public School Manual Arts, Bluefield, W. Va.; Present position since September, 1913.



H. C. BRAKE, A.B.
Science

Graduate of West Virginia Conference Seminary, 1907; West Virginia University, 1913; Superintendent of Clay District Schools and Principal of Littleton Schools, 1908-1909; Superintendent of Salem Public Schools, Salem, West Virginia, 1910-1912; Principal of Terra Alta Schools, 1912-1913; Principal of Burlington High School, 1913-1914; Present position, 1914.



MINNA MAY KEYSER, A.B., A.M.

English

A.B., Ohio Wesleyan University; A.M., Ohio Wesleyan University; Member Phi Beta Kappa Fraternity; Travel abroad summer, 1910; Student in the Ludwig-Maximilians Königlicher Universität, Munich, Germany, 1910-1911; Taught in Moundsville High School and Elkins High School; Present position since January, 1914.



ROLLIN V. DAVIS
Latin

Clarion Normal, 1908-1910; Oberlin College, 1910-1913; Present position as Latin Teacher and Baseball Coach, 1914.



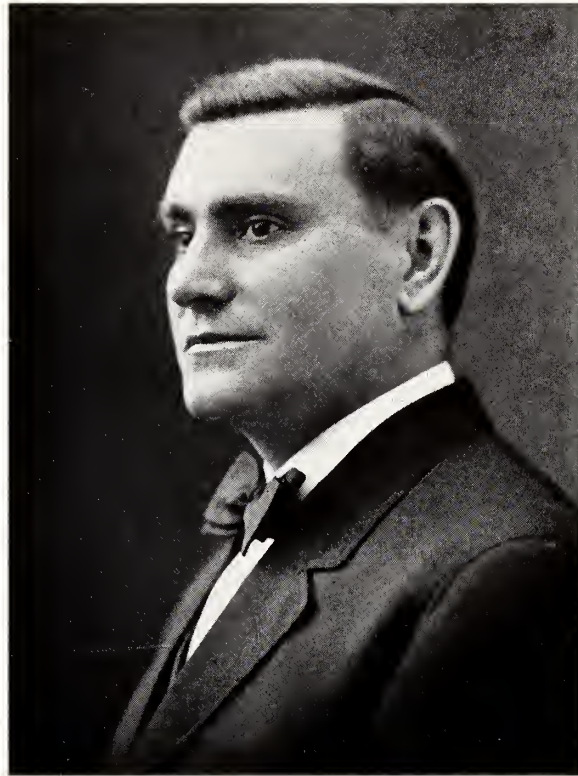
NELL McCONNELL, B.S.
Domestic Science

Graduate Fairmont State Normal School, 1908; Graduate West Virginia University, 1913; Taught in public schools three years; Present position since September, 1913.



AMY ROGERS RICE
Piano

Student of piano in Chicago, 1901-1903; Harmony with Adolph Weidig in American Conservatory, Chicago, 1901-1902; Student Piano and Organ with Dr. Geo. W. Andrews; completed course in theory of music, including harmony, analysis, and musical form; counterpoint and history of music, Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, 1904-1907; Taught in New Haven, Conn., 1908-1911; Student in piano, organ and public school music, Oberlin Conservatory, 1911-1912.



AUBREY W. MARTIN
Public School Music

Student West Virginia Conference Seminary, Buckhannon, W. Va., 1903; Graduate Music Department, Broadus Institute, Clarksburg, W. Va., 1906; Artist pupil of Joseph-Baernstein Regneas; Concert and recital season, 1907; Superintendent Simpson District Schools, 1909-1910; Present position since April 1, 1911.



MRS. EMORY F. MCKINNEY

Librarian

Library Science, West Virginia University; Assistant Librarian, West Virginia University, 1912; Fairmont Public Library, 1912-13; Present position since September, 1913.

Miss Mary Coplin

To write a tribute to Miss Coplin is difficult; for, to catch and note the characteristics of any individual, is not easy; but to catch and note the qualities that distinguish a fine spirit, is almost impossible. Then, too, Miss Coplin would not wish for the worn phrases or the fulsome flattery that we so often use to honor those who have left us.

Miss Coplin had had unusual preparation for her work of teaching English. In a very real sense, it began in her home; for her home was one where books, and the things of the spirit, were a part of the daily life. This work of preparation was continued by means of preparatory school work at Broadus, undergraduate college work at the State University, and graduate work at Columbia University. At Columbia she received the degree of A.M. in 1909, and was far along the road toward the Ph.D. degree. In addition to unusual scholastic attainments, Miss Coplin brought to her work in the Normal School, the experience gained from several years of teaching; for she had held similar positions in the Mannington High School, the Morgantown High School and the Glenville Normal School.

Some of the other qualities that distinguished Miss Coplin can only be mentioned. She read widely and thoughtfully in her own field of English, and in many other fields of knowledge. She hated sham and show and superficiality, and knew these when she met them. Her mind, too, was one that saw the good in people, books and life, without missing the bad, and saw the bad in these without missing the good. Finally, Miss Coplin was a teacher who did influence her students for good, not by trying to be popular, but by silently living the best, from day to day, and appealing to the best in her students. When many of us, who were her colleagues, have become little but a remembered name to those we taught, Miss Coplin's example will be a growing, living force, felt in all their lives.

Very unexpected by most of her friends came Miss Coplin's death, just before the opening of the present school year. With breaking hearts, her family and friends buried her near the home of her childhood, and thus there went from us one whose life was infinitely worth while to have lived and to have known.



FIRST GRADE OF THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The Training School

With the appearance of this volume of *The Mound*, the Training School has passed its third milestone. It is a lusty youngster in spite of the fact that it has been spanked a little occasionally. Every youngster is misunderstood by somebody, sometimes by its own parents, sometimes by its grand-parents, sometimes by its neighbors, and perchance sometimes by the dear unmarried aunts and uncles. But this youngster, while it has not escaped the common fate, has yet been extremely fortunate in having many friends who have appreciated its struggles, have anticipated its needs, and have been delighted in seeing its normal growth and development.

“Yes,” says the physician most emphatically; “it will live; feed it well, give it plenty of fresh air without draughts, encourage it in healthful exercise, and, above all, love it. Yes, love it most tenderly, and its benign influence will always be a blessing to you, and its progeny will be a blessing to the State.”



GEORGE H. SHAFER, A.B., A.M.

Education and Superintendent of Training School

Student Allegheny College, 1898-1901; University of Chattanooga, 1906; Graduate student University of Pennsylvania Summer School, 1908; New York University, 1909; Fellow in Psychology and Pedagogy, Clark University, 1910-1911; A.M., Clark University, 1911; Principal Graham Collegiate Institute, 1901-1903; Superintendent of Schools, Del Norte, Colo., 1903-1905; Professor of Pedagogy, Edinboro State Normal School, Edinboro, Pa., 1908-1910; present position since 1911.



JESSIE B. ICE

Training School Supervisor

Graduate F. S. N. S., 1914; Librarian and post-graduate work F. S. N. S., spring term, 1905; Student W. V. U., summer, 1908; Primary teacher in Fairmont Public Schools, 1906-1911; Student Ypsilanti Normal School, summer, 1911; Present position since February, 1911.

Training School Teachers

W. E. BUCKEY.....	Principal
MAUDE HULL	Eighth Grade
VIRGINIA GASKILL	Seventh Grade
EVELYN PRICKETT	Sixth Grade
GERTRUDE CREEL	Fifth Grade
JENNIE HARSHBARGER	Fourth Grade
SUSAN FOIREN	Third Grade
AGNES IRWIN	Second Grade
INEZ BROOKFIELD	First Grade



TRAINING SCHOOL TEACHERS



Senior Normal Class

COLORS: Orange and Black

FLOWER: Mock Orange

MOTTO: Sapere Audere

OFFICERS

President.....	ROBERT P. ROMESBURG
Vice-President	KATHERINE HAGERTY
Secretary	LOUISE LEONARD
Treasurer	MARGARET HALL
Historian	BESSIE BERRY



R. P. ROMESBURG, Clifton Mills, W. Va.

The only man in the Normal class, thirty girls to one man. He teaches like no others do. He holds the exalted position of President of his class, and fills it with such dignity as only he can. But how he does trample on those thirty loving, adoring hearts!

MARGARET HALL, Harrisville, W. Va.

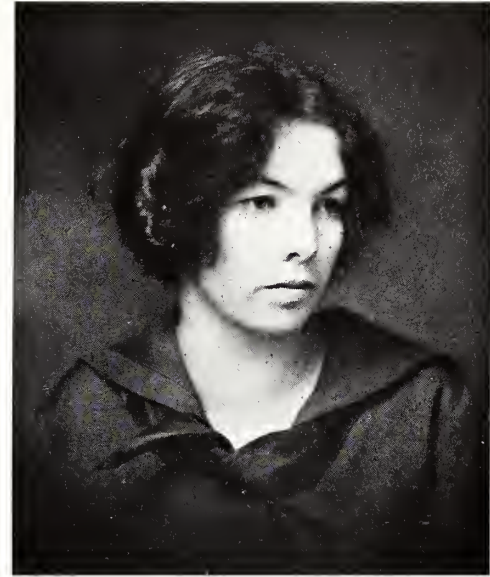
"Oh saw ye bonny Margie, as she ga'ed ow'er the border? She's gone like Alexander to spread her conquest farther."

There was never a wiser or more enterprising maid than Marge, but she is very fond of cold things. Anything in the nature of Ice is dear to her heart. She is also a very Frank girl, even regarding basket ball, in which she is a bright and shining light.



EDNA TIERNEY, Weston, W. Va.

Edna hails from Weston. She says one State institution is about the same as another, and yet she chose to attend ours instead of the one in her own home town. She haunts the educational library, and is intensely interested in all theories on teaching, either by the drilling in or absorption method, and she knows by experience that both are good.



PEARL WILSON, Harrisville, W. Va.

She is the pearl of great price, which is more precious than rubies, and cannot be gotten for much fine gold, as many have learned to their sorrow. She is very demure looking. "In her little Quakeress hat, and her ribbons and all that," but one cannot always tell.



ETHEL MARY FRYER, Mannington, W. Va.

A very pretty, very studious person, she is the envy of all the girls. The way her hair stays in place, and how she manages to get good grades from even Mr. Mercer are two of the seven wonders of the world. In a dignified manner, and with noiseless tread, she goes about her work, and "gets there."

ARTHA MORGAN, Morgantown, W. Va.

Tall of stature, abounding in grace, rich in dignity, and with wisdom that astoundeth, her capabilities are unlimited. No task is too great for her to undertake, and undertaken, it is always done. Both as teacher and as student, she is quite a success, and a credit to her class, her family, and to every one in any way connected with her.

She is very broad-minded, and will choose her husband accordingly, for she will have no one less than a Whaley man.



GLADDINE FISHER, Morgantown, W. Va.

There once was a maiden named Gladdine,
That she's made quite a hit, can be seen,
She has such observing eyes,
That not a fashion new
Escapes her view,
Nor takes her by surprise.



LOUISE LEONARD, Fairmont, W. Va.

Louise won a world-wide reputation for her scholarship when she carried off the highest honors at our local high school. Then she came to us and has lived up to her reputation like a man. But don't get the idea that Louise is "prissy" and dignified. She is not. Though stately, yet she is absolutely and positively frivolous. In fact, it is hard to tell just which she will become—a Latin teacher or a society butterfly.



HATTIE WHITE, Terra Alta, W. Va.

She has not been with us long, but she has been here long enough to win a place in the school, and make us feel she is one of us. She is very careful to be in one place or the other, for she looked our honorable trainers over the first day and decided that "Discretion is the best part of valor," so she conducted herself accordingly. This was hard on her, because she is by nature troublesome and noisy.

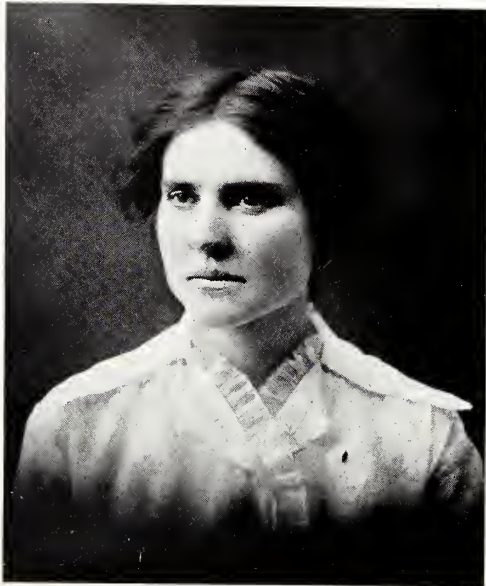
VERTIE MORGAN, Fairmont, W. Va.

One never sees Vertie but her nose is buried in a book; and when she wants recreation, she writes themes, long, breezy ones; that is how she gets her fresh air. If she weren't going to be a teacher and an authoress, she would like to be an agriculturist, for she is equally good in all these trying subjects.



OPAL STEPHENSON, Weston, W. Va.

Opal is the studious lass,
Of the famous Senior Class;
A very good grade,
She's always made,
And never has failed to pass.



LAURA WHITE, Freemansburg, W. Va.

Laura is a shining example of Christian charity and patience. She is active in all the good things of the school, and very much interested in the stronger sex (?). She is noted for her artistic drawings in Special Methods, and will no doubt be a great artist some day.



BETHEL C. RIGGS, St. Marys, W. Va.

"The best laid plans of mice and men,
Gang aft, agley."

Quite true, but Bethel is neither a mouse nor a man; and as she shyly and discreetly evades both creatures, her plans work out to a very satisfactory maturity. This is especially true of lesson plans, which she can make both backward and forward, with her eyes bandaged and both hands tied behind her. Who does better than that does well.

OLIVE SMITH, Middlebourne, W. Va.

"This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished fair locks, which, graceful hung behind
In equal curls and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets, her smooth ivory neck;
And in these labyrinths she slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains."



ESSIE MILLER, Fairmont, W. Va.

She is another popular High School lassie. One of the main distinguishing things about her is her interest in all mineral formations. She expects to go to the State University next year, and take up the study of geology. She says her main ambition for this world is to become owner and possessor of a Colebank, and one may safely predict that she will.



MAE YOST, Fairmont, W. Va.

No, those roses in her cheeks won't come off. The Training School does not take a thing from their hue, and agriculture leaves them undimmed. They bloom all through the French class and we feel perfectly safe in prophesying that they cannot be removed. Why need they? She makes an "A+" every time, and can do it as easily as a duck swims in water.



REUBEY HALL, Pullman, W. Va.

We have many gems in our class, and none more precious than Reubey. She cooks well enough to suit Epicurus himself, and her sewing is beyond compare. She can trace the different tendencies of thought from fourteen centuries before Adam down to the present time. She has a different beau every week and is envied by every girl in school.

JETTIE ICE, Rivesville, W. Va.

Jettie is the bright and shining light in all her classes, especially in English. Her star is a most luminous orb that "hangs bright above, silent, as if it watched the sleeping earth," other students being on the level with the earth. As in the High School, so she has found it in the Normal, all is success, spelled with a capital "A." Jettie has the artistic temperament, but, as it is nicely balanced with an unusual sense of humor, it does no harm.



LULU THOMAS, Grafton, W. Va.

"Nature was here so lavish of her store,
That she bestowed until she had no more."

If you had never seen her, and can't tell by her picture whether this is so or not, just ask Grady. Lulu always sees the funny side of things. When she first came to our classes, we who sat in front of her used to think we heard gentle chimes behind us; but it was only her laughter. If you're feeling blue, don't take a tonic; get acquainted with Lulu. If she becomes your friend, she will stick to you on all occasions. "The greatest medicine is a true friend."



DORTHA E. KNAPP, Fairmont, W. Va.

Behold! A Mozarter. "In season and out of season," Dortha is a Mozarter. In the field of literature her name is, or will be, associated with Hardy, Meredith, Eliot, and Jetty Ice. Dortha's science teachers swear at her, and her English teachers swear by her. She rises with the sun and is often seen waiting on the steps, in the morning, for the janitor to unlock the doors. In the field of elocution she is a shining light. All this and more; but first, last, and always,—a Mozarter.



EDNA THORNE, Fairmont, W. Va.

"Every rose hath its thorns," but this Thorne hath her roses. If you want to see them, look at her cheeks, where they bloom, seeming to say, "In the dewy morn I am most fair, yet all my loveliness is borne upon a thorn." Fourth grade in Training School will always remember how she transformed it by her skill and sympathy.

SARA HIBBS, Fairmont, W. Va.

Sara looks very demure, but don't believe it. Since her course in music with Mr. Martin, she almost decided to give up her career as a missionary and devote her life, and voice to Grand Opera. Whatever she does, she will do it well, and the profession which she enters will be greatly enriched. She has often been pointed out to children as a very perfect example for them to follow.



FLORENCE HALE, Weston, W. Va.

She found many troublesome duties and many insoluble mysteries in room number six, but she got to the place where she knew the worst had been reached, and after that she enjoyed herself. She may have descended from Hale, the preacher, or Hale, the senator, or even from Hale, the judge; and she is probably related to them all, for she is good and great and just, but don't ask the training school children about this.



EUNICE LEWIS, Buckhannon, W. Va.

She has many distinguishing qualities; she is very studious, and is rather inclined to doubt some statements of Bagley and others. More interesting to her than the most fascinating novel are Bolten's Principles of Education, and Miller's Psychology of Thinking. Having tried the State University, and found it unsatisfactory, she came to us, which is an indication of good judgment.



NEVA CURREY, Fairmont, W. Va.

Small physically, but what a giantess mentally. She is our Normal Business Manager. Her instrumental performances are equalled only by her vocal. She reads extensively, especially Scott's novels. She is also a great analyser of character. One may say without fear of contradiction that she knows *Ivanhoe's* character better than any English teacher in school.

BESSIE BERRY, Sutton, W. Va.

We won't try to describe our Mound editor, for if you know her, you know that she is indescribable; and if you don't know her, it is useless to try to make you understand about her. Suffice it to say, that she is by far the wittiest, and the most talented girl in school. Some say that she is a positive genius. However this may be, she is certainly destined to be one of our future short story writers.



KATHERINE HAGERTY, Farmington, W. Va.

Did you hear her read? She is said to be a wonder. She also reads Latin just as easily as some read English. So, there are readers and readers, and she is one of them. But, do you know that Cupid has designs on her heart, and he may be successful? Wouldn't that be a Whaley joke?



WINNIE MUSGROVE, Fairmont, W. Va.

Winnie is frequently seen gazing northward with a rapt and rapturous expression, and is often heard murmuring, "I wonder what they are doing at the University." When this is investigated further, she sighs, "I do hope they won't work poor John too hard. He isn't strong and needs some one to look after him." We think she may be considering taking this up as her life work.



STELLA PARKER, Fairmont, W. Va.

Stella always gets "V.G." on her lesson plans, and tells less fortunate mortals of this fact with much pride. She spends much valuable time hunting Mr. Shafer, and if she can't find him, she would like to know where Miss Ice is. She is a wizard in geography, and if you want to know why the Rocky Mountains are there, and not in the Sahara Desert, she will be glad to tell you.

VERA SHAW, Grafton, W. Va.

Last year, she had a "case" with a girl. As we are so frequently told to do, she has turned her back on past mistakes, has profited by them, and is progressing; for this year her case is much more to a girl's liking. When asked in agriculture class, what were the most desirable things on a farm, she replied: "There are so many. There is the Corn—well, and yes, I think everybody should keep at least one Bantam."



LORENA BERRY, Rivesville, W. Va.

She is by far the most industrious girl in the school. When everything is done to her satisfaction (which is a very exact degree of perfection), she, like the little girl, cuts a hole in her apron and patches it, so as not to be idle. She comes up to Mrs. McBee's ideal of a young lady. She leads Y. W. C. A., plays basket ball, and is a camp fire girl and—really one cannot keep up with all she does do.



MARTHA TAYLOR, Fairmont, W. Va.

She sews in a most marvelous way. When she first came into class, the others aired their knowledge of German, convent and roll hems, and other almost unlearnable things; but soon they came and sat at her feet and watched in silent adoration some of the wondrous and awe inspiring feats with the needle. And they do say she can teach as well, or better, than she sews. Impossible!

EDITH LEEDS, Fairmont, W. Va.

How fair! How sweet! She wins everything by her first glance. That look has quieted training school children, and aroused manly hearts; and with the sureness of Circe, she holds them in bondage.

CAROL POWELL, Fairmont, W. Va.

"Of all the songs that the song singers sing,
There is none like our Carol's song."

Her name fits her unusually well. She came over from the High School across the way, and we didn't know whether we liked her, and at first we didn't care. Then, one day she sang, and sang her way through our indifference towards new students, right into our hearts; and she's been there ever since.

MINNIE SHANNON, West Union, W. Va.

Not many students are so clever as she, for she learns so fast and gets so far ahead of the rest of us that she goes home and visits while we catch up. In her early days at the Normal she gave her heart to "Deutsch," and she has been true. She also believes that it is better to put your trust elsewhere than in man.

AVIS BARBE, Rivesville, W. Va.

Avis is a bird quite as rare and exquisite in her sphere as are some of our gems in theirs, but she is by no means "birdie." She comes to school on time, gets every lesson, never breaks a rule, or cuts class, and is respectful to those having high authority. She just measures up to Mr. Woodley's ideals as to a perfect student.

MARY ELLEN HENRY, Fairmont, W. Va.

Mary Ellen faces every difficulty with a smiling countenance, and wins out. She rode through Caesar and Cicero on her pony, and has been gliding through her classes since then. She has the appearance of knowing so much more about things than she is able to tell that no teacher would think of flunking her. She is always dressed in the latest style, and the latest style is always becoming to her.

MARY MOORE, Keyser, W. Va.

We have not known jolly little Mary long, but we feel that we know her well. Her step and laughter in the halls will be remembered for many a long day, not only by students, but also by teachers. She has been trained to rise early, especially on the first day of the fourth month, much to the delight of "Ye Preceptress."

Idols of the King

HISTORY OF THE SENIOR CLASS

Now it befell in the days of Woodley, when he was King, that there were in that territory many youths and maidens, passing wise. So he sent out messages to all parts of the Kingdom, saying: "Gladly would I, and ye should come to my court, and after years of service, I should dub you mine own Knights and Ladies." There came to him this answer: that of all the wise youths and maidens, only those most marvelously witted, were to be sent to his court, and the others were to go to the court of Princes in their own provinces, which courts they called High Schools. Yet those who came to the court of Woodley, although so wise, when they came to meet those courtiers who had long dwelt there, were of a verdancy passing all belief.

But in their first year, they got their four pieces of armor; and in their second and third years, they adventured so mightily, that when they came to their fourth year, the ruler of that great court gave to each a complete suit of armor. But this armor was of silver. Then said they to their King: "And why is not our armor of gold?" And he made them reply: "I little weened to give you aught but silver for four years' service. Now, I call ye only Academic Seniors; but in two years, if you serve me, ye shall go forth in shining gold." But they said: "We will serve thee one year more." Then was that great King mightily displeased, and he said: "Ye shall serve yet two years." Then made they obeisance and said: "Let it be as ye will."

Now from the smaller courts from all over the land, came many of those other youths and maidens and joined themselves to those in Woodley's court; and they were all the fairest in bravery, prowess, and nobleness that ever

man saw; and in those two years, they did most marvelous deeds, and served even better than before if better might be. Now when they came to the first of their last year, the King of that court held a feast, and all the people came and craved him, each, a boon, and the King gave him his desire. Then came those whom he wished to call Normal Seniors, and all cried: "A BOON! A BOON!"

The King said: "What will ye, and well it may be." They said unto him: "We greatly desire, O most worshipful King, to do some wonderful and marvelous deed, the like of which, never man heard." Then King Woodley said: "Choose ye, and it shall be yours."

Now while they stood, there came running a fair and brave Knight, Sir Shafer, and he cried: "A BOON! A BOON!" "Now ask," said the King, "and ye shall have your request." "Then, Sir," said the Knight, "hearken. There are in this good city many grim stone dungeons, in which are little children held in the power of a horrible dragon, Ignorance. Give me aid I pray thee, that we may deliver them." "Noble Knight!" said the King, "I shall give you the flower of my Court, these fair courtiers, and I lay my head, they will accomplish it worshipfully."

Then he called Sir Higby, the high seneschal, and bade him, that he give to each his golden armor, for they had become as the King had said. And there went out in shining armor that brave Knight, Romesburg, and the fair ladies, Hall, Knapp, and Parker; for King Woodley being a fair and just King, ladies did service in that court and might win honors, equally, with any Knight. Also there went out the fair ladies, Ice, Wilson, Leonard, Fisher, Shay, and many others and they did so valorously, that was never like heard of, and they bowed themselves in all obe-

dience, to that brave and good Knight, Sir Shafer, and wrought all kinds of service, with the nobleness of ease that graced the lowliest act in the doing.

But one fair morn, when they were gaining entrance to the dungeon, suddenly there stood in the way to them, a Knight, and he was armed from top to toe with a frightful weapon, which among the ancients was called Injunction. Yet before these brave warriors his power was as naught. Also they disarmed Ignorance and sent him forth, a wanderer. Now when their last year was nearing its close, King Woodley called them to him and in the presence of all his court, he said: "Now are your years of service nearing an end, and never did any chosen people better. Truly you are mine courtiers, and when I do behold ye, tears of pure joy run from my eyes for ye are the idols of my heart. Now come the month June, I shall

proclaim a feast, and it shall be in your honor; and in the presence of all people, I shall give to each of you a shield and on it shall be emblazoned a singular and cunningly wrought emblem, and it shall look in this wise: In the center of a circle shall stand two men; the one bearing upon his shoulder a pick, and the other, an axe. They twain shall be standing upon two fowling pieces, with maize and wheat behind them. Between them shall be a huge stone, with a date, and beneath it an inscription. To the left of the men shall be a plow, and to the right of them, an anvil and two casks.

This shall be fraught with meaning to all ye, and to those who have wit to read all that it signifies. Ye shall use this emblem as a charm, when ye go forth on quests, and even when ye go to bring enlightenment to all the little Princes and Princesses in this whole domain. And the King turned weeping, and took him his departure.



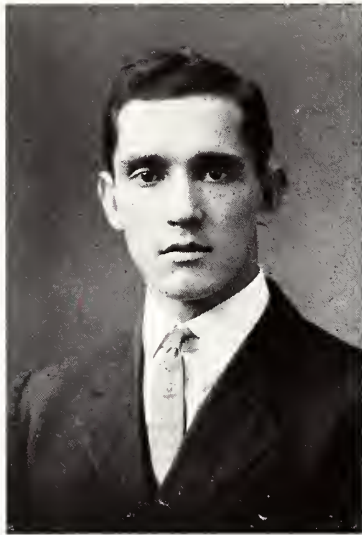
Senior Academic Class

CLASS COLORS: Orange and Black

CLASS MOTTO: Sapere audere

CLASS FLOWER: Mock Orange

President.....	J. H. COLEBANK
Vice-President.....	W. C. SMITH
Secretary.....	BESS GRAHAM
Treasurer.....	ADELE FURBEE
Doorkeeper.....	CHARLES HOLLAND
Historian	GRACE VAN HORN



J. H. COLEBANK, Grafton, W. Va.

Last autumn, when school opened, "Cole" was very anxious to make a high standing in football; for he understood that unless he did, the laws of this institution would not permit him to take geometry. His fears on this subject quieted, he became a docile and model young man. He believes in Phrenology and has a well developed bump of stubbornness. He often sings "Down by the Old Mill Stream," but invariably switches off, and spends all his time with a Miller.

CORA CLAYTON, Fairmont, W. Va.

"Sincerity the chief delight,
The dearest pleasure of the mind,
That brings with it a joy divine,
And all that's good and all that's fine."

Cora holds sincerity just that way, and thinks the lack of it is the blackest of all sins. She is so diligent and has won so many Camp Fire beads that it has become a problem to provide her with enough string for them. She reads and speaks French so fluently that Miss Stalnaker has to hurry to keep up with her.



RUTH PHILLIPS, Fairmont, W. Va.

Ruth has three important traits. She is very stately, very dignified, and exceedingly studious.

When you hear a little giggle, and observe that the book she is perusing does not seem to be a text book, the illustrations being photographs of young men, be lenient in your judgment. She will soon return to her duty.

She is very much interested in nature lore, especially in birds. She has joined the Audubon Society, and is simply crazy about "Jays."



C. ROYALL KESSEL, Ripley, W. Va.

What shall we say of this, the academic Business Manager of "The Mound"? Before such a subject, we stand in awe, and lament the inadequacy of the language to express sublimity; and the weakness of superlatives. At any rate, he is just too exceedingly too, for description. From the avidity with which he devours Bible History, one might suspect that he has theological tendencies. When he takes up matters, you may be sure he'll "expedite 'em." In his study of Botany, he has discovered a rare and beautiful Lily.



CHARLES HOLLAND, Little Falls, W. Va.

Have you seem him smile? If you haven't, take notice. That sweet smile of his has warmth enough to melt icicles in zero weather. It has been said "Charley smiled and Miss Lewis gave him an A." His voice has also been instrumental in securing his credits. Who could resist the charm of that melodious voice, whose very calmness might "Smooth the rugged brow of night?"

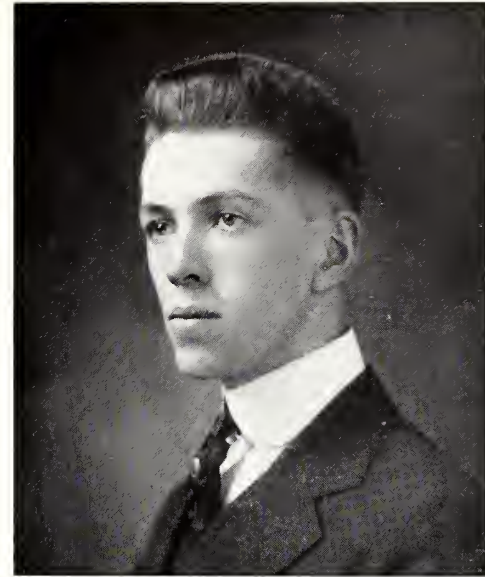
BESS GRAHAM, Knox, Pa.

She came down from a land of coal mines and smoky air, but the smoke didn't tarnish the gold of her hair, or dim the brightness of her smile. Of course, no one with such a name as hers, could be anything else than Scotch, and Normalites generally, suspect that she is the original "Bonnie Sweet Bessie, the Maid of Dundee," although she did once show some signs of becoming a Hollander.



LOUISE CONN, Point Marion, Pa.

As modest as a violet is this pretty little girl. She comes and goes and we are scarcely aware of her presence. Yet she smiles so sweetly when we meet her that the sun shines more brightly on our way. She has a far-away, but happy expression in the depths of her blue eyes, as if she were always dreaming of pleasant things.



LEIGH HUSTEAD, Fairmont, W. Va.

Leigh, our academic editor, is a great basket ball star, and has been known to go even as far as Jane Lew, to play ball, and view the scenery. He is musical and sings,

"Thou art a queen, fair Lester,
Thy subjects bow before thee,
Thou art divine, fair Lester,
The hearts of men adore thee."

Leigh is the pride of Miss Eaton's drawing class, and is going to be a master architect.



FRANK ICE, Fairview, W. Va.

Frank is as frank as his name, but not nearly so cold. He is an enthusiastic and fast football player, and does not leave the game for such trifles as a broken nose, or broken arms. He is devoted to Halls,—the girls' hall, the boys' hall, and a Harrisville Hall. He says that not even a palace would be home without a Hall.

GRACE VANHORN, Lost Creek, W. Va.

Grace is very enthusiastic about athletics, and is captain of the girls' basket ball team. Her hobby is "scientific basket ball." To her, friendship is the one thing worth while "in the heavens above or on the earth beneath." She more friends than any girl in school, because she is such a good friend. When any of the girls have the "blues," they go straight to Grace, and she turns the cloud inside out so they can see the silver lining. She is also a veritable peacemaker.



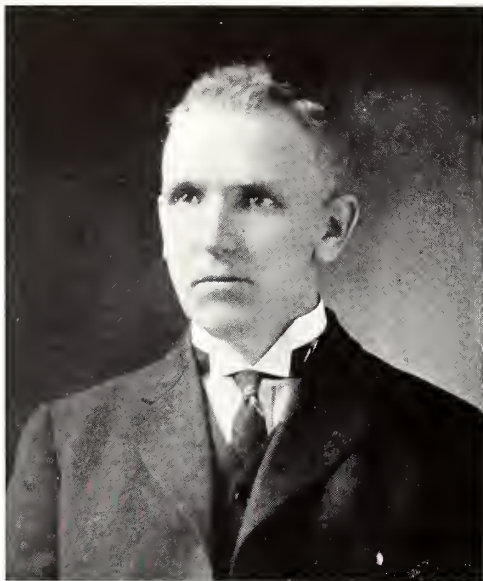
MATILDA MCKINNEY, Fairmont, W. Va.

"It is a wise head that maketh a still tongue." This girl proves the truth of this proverb indisputably. If any of the girls are hungry, they go to visit Matilda, for she is noted for her hospitality, which is of the Old Virginia variety. She is an ardent "Deutscher."



LORAIN CORNWELL, Marquess, W. Va.

There was once a little man,
With a little coat of tan,
Who on all occasions said, "Shaw, Shaw, Shaw,"
But this ends not so well,
For very sad to tell,
For these oaths he was punished,
By his paw, paw, paw.



C. F. DANSER, Tunnelton, W. Va.

Yes, he closed the school house door, kissed his wife and baby, and came to Fairmont to widen his mental outlook. By this act, he left all that was dearest to him, forsook a lucrative position as principal of a graded school of the buckwheat county, and is now equipping himself for a more concentrated work.

FRANK MAUZY, Rexroad, W. Va.

What's his name? Mozy. Where's he from? Eastern Panhandle. What's his business? Farmer, pedagogue, and lumberman. In what does he excel? Language, history, and science. What's his future work? Scientific researches. What are the wishes and predictions of his friends? A long and happy life, filled with usefulness, and a loving wife to share it.



KILE SWISHER, Jane Lew, W. Va.

This Goliath, has so far met no David, and his way seems without obstacles. He is often heard repeating long, involved passages of Blackstone, which indicates his future work. When he has finished law school, he will take offices in the Goff Building and Frankly tread the path to success.



ALOYS B. STENGER, Morgantown, W. Va.

Aloys is a student of gems; he has exchanged a diamond for a Pearl, and is satisfied therewith. He was born in Germany, but not finding the German educational system very efficient, he started in quest of a perfect school. After investigating F. S. N. S., he exclaimed, "Eureka!" and took up his abode with us. He is going to be a mechanical engineer, and to that end studies geometry with ardent interest.



CLARK RUSK, Mannington, W. Va.

This young man feels that he has been called to take up the profession of dentistry. He is especially a fine German student, and also takes great delight in music, both vocal and instrumental. His favorite song is, "Seeing Nellie Home."

DILLON P. BAUGHMAN, Philippi, W. Va.

"Bob," as he is familiarly called, once upon a Christmas time made his appearance on the stage, and there showed so much talent, ability, and comeliness, and was so altogether fascinating that—it is not necessary to tell any more. He thinks that moving pictures are a wonderful invention, and he often goes to see them merely for scientific study, of course, so that he may know when any improvements are made.



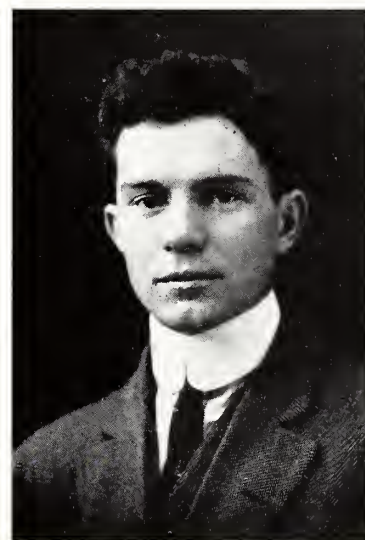


WILLIE C. SMITH, West Union, W. Va.

"Now, girls, if you'll just come over to the bulletin board, I'll explain that proposition so you'll see through it like lightning. Mercer tries to scare us with those originals, but he can't floor me." This may be heard in the hall any and every day at the end of the first afternoon class. But Willie always explains to the girls, he never bothers with the boys. He is often heard repeating, "the bright black eye, the melting blue, I cannot choose between the two." He holds special court in the "dorm" parlors, and deals out fatherly advice to the girls.

IVANHOE ARNETT, Rivesville, W. Va.

Ivanhoe is not a disinherited son of Cedric of Rotherwood and the lover of Lady Rowena. No, far from it. He is the lover of—perhaps silence is golden. He says he wants to go to India because they have curried rice and all their foods use Curry powder. Under his management the basket ball team starred as never before.





THOMAS LAULIS, Enterprise, W. Va.

That angelic look of Tom's would make a seraph look like a wealthy malefactor or a charter member of the Ananias Club. Intellectually, Thomas is literary, strictly literary. Miss Lewis is keeping his themes and intends to publish them under the title, "Golden Gems of Religious Thought." Some day in the near future, when there are will be a trust magnate,—that is evident from his sweet expression.

MADELINE CURRY, Rock Cave, W. Va.

Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and Birdice Blye are very envious and jealous of Madeline for they see where they are going to take a "back seat" when she has finished her musical training at F. S. N. S. She does not care for any of the genus homo, although, upon returning from strolls, she invariably says, "O, girls! I never had a Heaven (li)er time!"



ADELE FURBEE, Mannington, W. Va.

Adele never is worried; never in the least disturbed. Scorchings, squelchings, scoldings, criticisms, both just and unjust, fall upon her defenseless and undeserving head, and roll off again, leaving her the same calm, serene Adele, with celestial light in the fathomless depths of her blue eyes. Her thirst for mathematics is insatiable, for she stays after school to drink at the icy fountain of geometry.



MARY FRANCES HARTLEY, Fairmont, W. Va.

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty and sweetness." She is not known for her much speaking, but for her much reading. She is a student of Greek, and reads Homer's works in the original. When Mary Frances cooks, Miss McConnell, out of sheer envy, often leaves the class room.



LEO SHIRCLIFF, HOMER BARNES, ROBERT SMITH, PAUL HAWKINS
Fairmont, W. Va.

Leo, the lion hearted, Homer, the poet, Robert, the commander-in-chief, and Paul, the apostle. On the shoulders of these four, rests the foundation of music among the boys, so they are called "The male quartette." They are humbly worshipped by the gentler but more numerous element in the Normal School. However, it has not gone to their heads but has had a powerful effect upon their hearts. Three of them have come under the power of Cupid, and Leo loves to play Bing(o); when there is anything to be done, Homer does it Hart(i)ly, and Robert goes after things Post(en) haste. But the fourth of this group, has no faith in the daughters of Eve, although there is a rumor, that in the dim, distant past he loved and lost, and, embittered by this disappointment, he has foresworn womankind. They have very similar tastes and longings. They all longed to learn of "The Development of Modern Europe," and before the end of the first semester, this longing was fully and forever satisfied, but they stuck to it manfully, and are coming out "more than conquerors." They all write themes and all study "Deutsch." After many successful and glorious years, they will doubtless, together, take a long and, perhaps much needed rest, in a reserved corner of Westminster Abbey, or some other renowned resting place, and on their tombs will be carved the names by which they will be known and loved in the world of music, letters, and science. The inscription will read: "Here lies Boob, the Julius Caesar of the twentieth century, who will want to marshal ghosts in warlike array; Bud, the Lavoisier whose atomless soul has floated through the different gases that envelop this mundane sphere to the upper ether; Buck, whose restless and throaty spirit will assemble other disembodied spirits, which he may lead in soundless cheers; and Boso, whose spirit on the banks of Lethe, seeks oblivion from the feminine spirits which swarm in the air." So the four B's will pass as they lived, gloriously.

CLAUDE WHALEY, Finch, W. Va.

Do not blame "Cupid" for that dimple. He positively cannot help it, and it doesn't interfere, to a noticeable degree, with his scholarship and intellectual attainments. He is argumentative and investigative; and having that renowned name, "Claude," which has been great since the Caesar's, there can be no limit set to our expectations concerning him. We hope that when he moves into the White House, he will invite us to see him.



OLIVE WALLACE, Fairmont, W. Va.

Olive is a devout believer in geometry, and often translates German in geometrical terms. She says there is no mystery about the use of correct English, but we think that this is a quotation, for it hath a familiar sound. She has been known to sing in the halls and so charm the teachers that they left their classes and came out to see and hear.

LESLIE FLOYD, Barrackville, W. Va.

"A man's attitude and actions are, to a very great extent, determined by his environment." If this be true, and who of us will dare deny it, how wonderful must be the Barrackville High School, from which Leslie came! His attitude is ideal, and his actions irreproachable. He possesses much musical talent, and will probably be another of our grand opera stars. Smitten maidens compose sonnets to his auburn locks and soulful eyes.

DAVID KENNEDY, Boothville, W. Va.

Too much praise cannot be given to Dave, our basket ball hero. He once attained the very great honor of being President of the Mozart Literary Society, which position he filled nobly. He has a dignified judicial look, but notwithstanding, he is Irish. He is a great "ladies' man"; and when seen, always has one girl, usually two.

The Coming in of The Orangia

(HISTORY OF THE SENIOR ACADEMIC CLASS)

Hurrah! the Orangia is coming in! Launched for the first time four years ago, now in full pride and vigor, she is coming home from her fourth and last voyage. See the yellow and white flag floating from her masthead! Beneath it is the orange and black waving in the breeze. Already friends on the shore are waving their handkerchiefs and shouting. But as we near the harbor the wanderlust seizes us, as we recall the tender memories and incidents of our voyages. Some that started with us on our maiden voyage went ashore on the first home-bound vessel; some became mutinous; many were seasick because of the rough sailing, for—

“Sullen waves incessant rolling
Rudely dashed against her sides”;

but the gallant crew that manned her was made of sterner stuff. Captain Arnett with his power of leadership; Chaplains Whaley and Bing, who have inspired the crew and passengers to nobler action by their lofty ideals and excellent examples; Colebank, who was chosen from our crew as president of the steamship line; Hustead, assistant in writing the history of all the ships on the high seas; Pilot Ice, who warded off the attack of foreign vessels; Swisher, the deck steward, faithful in his mission of making seasick passengers comfortable; Kessel, who “expedited” the fog horn; and Stenger, who had charge of the snugest corner

on deck,—to these and the brave passengers be the glory and honor, the faithful ones who have led the vessel, grim and daring through danger, and brought her, under a clear sky, triumphant into the nearing port. To these are the eager faces of the swaying masses on shore turned.

Many have been the adventures of this excellent ship. Mean little pirate vessels manned by juniors, sophomores, and freshmen have boisterously run up alongside; but—

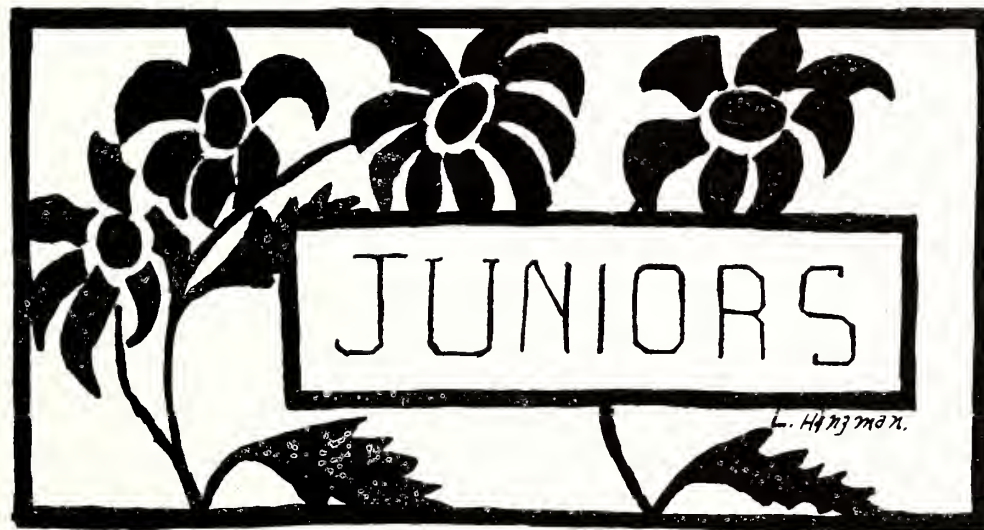
“Fierce bounding, forward sprang
The ship like a greyhound
Starting from the slip,
To seize his prey,”

and sent them scurrying in all directions. And she has sailed well; for during her four years' voyage she has been heavily laden with the Faculty in the steerage.

During fair weather when the sea was calm, there was time for banquets, receptions, and other interesting social features. On moonlight nights, when there was music and dancing in the salon, many couples would slip quietly out on the promenade deck and there read their fate in the stars.

But since the Wanderlust has already seized us, and now that the port is near, the voyage almost done, who can tell? perhaps we may get a transfer to the only other ship that we saluted on the high seas, the Senior Normal Steamer.

GRACE VAN HORN.



Junior Normal

MOTTO: Esse quam Videre

COLORS: Maroon and Grey

FLOWER: Red Rose

OFFICERS

President.....	ROBERT G. SMITH
Vice-President	THOMAS HUNT
Secretary	CECIL KENNEDY
Treasurer	GEORGIANA POWNALL
Poet	FAY STURM
Artist	JEAN BILLINGSLEA

YELL

Maroon and grey! Maroon and grey!
Juniors, Juniors, Ray Ray, Ray!
We show 'em how, we sweep 'em clean,
Juniors, Juniors, 1915!

RUTH EVANS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

This dusky maid sings, and the
very world pauses on its axis to
listen.



ELIZABETH POSTEN,

Morgantown, W. Va.

"When you sing the tune that ends
With such a golden ring,
The lark is made ashamed, and sits
With her head beneath her wing."



CHARLES E. HUPP,

Fairmont, W. Va.

The dignity of man into your hands
is given; oh, keep it well. With you
it sinks or lifts itself to heaven.



MARY MORRISON,

Bridgeport, W. Va.

"A form more fair, a face more
sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
And her modest answers and quiet
air,
Show her wise and good as she is
fair."

THOMAS HUNT,
Tunnelton, W. Va.
No man has before walked
through our halls, with steps so
active, such inquiring eye, or tongue
so varied in discourse.



GEORGIANA POWNALL,

Keyser, W. Va.

"Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other people are."



JEAN BILLINGSLEA,

Fairmont, W. Va.

When Jeannie came to the F. S. N. S. and told us she wanted to be a teacher, silently one by one the Training School faculty got up and went off to dark corners and thought it over. At last they agreed that Jean Billingslea was far too pert and pretty, too fond of beaus and Jean, to honor their profession. So they sent a certain professor warning, that coy Jeannie had come to school, and not to let her pass.



EDITH SNYDER,

Smithfield, W. Va.

"If there be, or ever was, one such,
It's past the size of dreaming."



ARDEN HALBRITTER,

Tunnelton, W. Va.

This young man is noted for his good grades in French, and for his diligence in General Methods. He is also fond of travel. His favorite means of conveyance is a "Shay."





HAZEL MCKINNEY,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Hazel is one of those easy going creatures that makes no noise but gets there just the same. She never studies, and considers flunking vastly beneath her. She doesn't worry over the little things of life, but it takes something big like a man to move her.



CORA LEE MONROE,
Shinnston, W. Va.

She is witty and wise, and has a wonderful faculty for keeping the Faculty in order. When she sets her auburn head to do a thing, whether it be to write up chapel or conjugate "aller," she usually does it. Her chief joys are athletics and General Methods; and her sorrows, French and George I.



MARY BURNS,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Mary is a girl whom the gods favored. She is not only the sister of a great poet, but has wonderful gifts of her own. She can be really dramatic without any theatrical effect. When she talks, her manners fascinate; but when she reads, we are enslaved forever.

FAY STURM,
Enterprise, W. Va.

"I understand the fury of your words, but not your words."



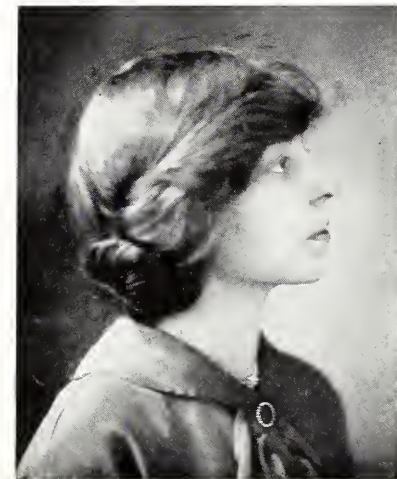
MADELINE GASKILL,
Bellview, W. Va.

"Her voice is ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman." More than this, she is one of the most industrious girls in school, and when there is anything unpleasant to be done, she with characteristic cheerfulness, tackles it and makes it vanish, as though it had never been.



GRACE ROBISON,
Barrackville, W. Va.

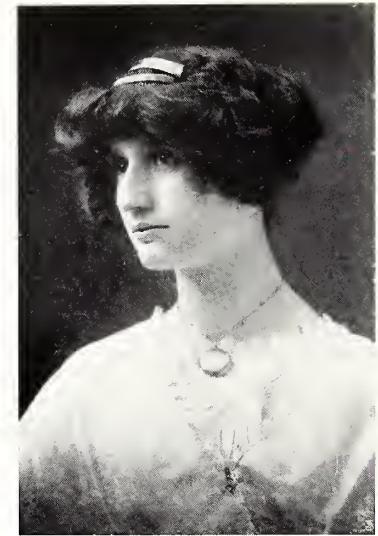
Grace lives out at Barrackville, and if the place always produces such charming creatures, we should all be tempted to migrate there.





THELMA SWISHER,
Rivesville, W. Va.

Grace was in all her steps, heaven
in her eyes, in every gesture dignity
and love.



JEAN LYNN,
Kingmont, W. Va.

Those laughing orbs that borrow
From azure skies the light they wear,
Are like heaven—no sorrow
Can float o'er hues so fair.



ERMA HENRY,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Our pretty Chinese puzzle, with her
ever ready coquetties, is some flirt.
She has nerve, too, and has even
found her way alone into the heart
of a "Colebank."

ARMA BING,

Elkins, W. Va.

Arma is going to make Ivanhoe look out for his laurels in the matter of chapel speeches, if she keeps gaining in brilliancy. She vacillates between social stunts and Y. W. C. A. She is one of our very finest girls, and the Normal School will lose a loyal lass when she goes. Also, Mr. Martin says she is sensible.

MARY BARRETT,

Mannington, W. Va.

"Heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should
ever dwell."

DAISY DAVIS,

Williamstown, W. Va.

"She sets at naught the frivolous
bolts of Cupid;
Gods and men fear her stern frown."

LULU EVANS,

Grafton, W. Va.

She has the heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, and the hand to execute. But she doesn't know it.

NEVA FITZHUGH,

Fairmont, W. Va.

"Screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail," says this Lady Macbeth.

GWENDOLEN HANLEY,

Mannington, W. Va.

"Gwen" says she is going to devote her life to the teaching profession, but her weakness for a certain member of the sterner sex makes us somewhat doubtful as to her intentions.

FRANKIE GOFF,

Spencer, W. Va.

"Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

CECIL KENNEDY,

Hundred, W. Va.

Cecil is one of our fastest basket ball players, yet her enthusiasm over basket ball never results in "Delinquency" in English theme writing.

DOTIA KERN,

Fairmont, W. Va.

"And he will choose her as she will choose her wedding gown, not so much for a fine, glossy surface as for those qualities that wear."

JOSEPHINE MARTIN,
Enterprise, W. Va.

When Joe announced that she did not intend to teach school, we wondered why she was coming to the Normal; so when she began spending all her time in the domestic science room, we began an investigation which resulted in an announcement of—but it's a secret.

MAUDE MORGAN,
Broomfield, W. Va.

"Ask me no more whither do stray,
The golden atoms of the day,
For, out of them Jove doth prepare,
Powders to enrich your hair."

EDNA MILLER,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Last year from F. H. S. there graduated a maid, who was a prodigious combination of all the virtues of womankind. When she came to the Normal all the sensible gentlemen were smitten with her charms, and so disproved the "Jolly" science that like attracts unlike.

NELLIE PATTERSON,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Nellie is a girl of the perpetual smile; but she deserves no credit, for who could not be happy with such a devotee as Clark?

ALICE QUIRK,
Mannington, W. Va.

Alice was never known to lose her temper, not even in Miss Lewis' class, and her stories for English theme will no doubt, in years to come, be studied as classics.

MABEL RICHARDS,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Her glossy hair was clustered o'er
her brow,
Bright with intelligence and fair and
smooth.

LOUISE RECTOR,
Grafton, W. Va.

Louise never worries or frets, Maybe her great sweetness is due to the fact that she is sure of "Metzy."

LILY SPIER,
Clarksburg, W. Va.

This charming young lady is noted for her unusual musical ability and her sunny disposition. For her other accomplishments, we suggest that you C. Royal.

EDNA STEVENS,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Edna comes to F. S. N. S., but she does not live her life here, and of such double-faced creatures we are particularly suspicious, as one never knows how many selfish good times they have without our knowledge.

EVA SUMMERS,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Eva is much worried now that green hair has come into fashion; she has too many golden locks to cover up with a wig, and hates to break her good record of attendance to stay at home a week to dye them.

ERCELL SHAY,

Tunnelton, W. Va.

Ercell was once a student of another college; but she heard of us, and with the good sense for which she is noted, she burned her bridges behind her, severed all ties, and came to us as heart whole and fancy free, and as much to our liking as though we had taken her in her infancy and trained her by our own psychological principles.

ROY UNDERWOOD,

Shirley, W. Va.

"Snookems," the baby musician, entered the Normal in the fall of '13 with determination to prove his worth, which he has done. Like all good looking babies, "Snookems" attracts a great deal of attention among the girls. His smiling countenance and admirable disposition have won for him a fine reputation.

MAGGIE TRICKETT,

Fairmont, W. Va.

"There all thy deeds, thou faithful daughter, shine;

And since thou hast that praise, I spare thee mine."

LILLIE WATERS,

Grafton, W. Va.

High erected thoughts, seated in a heart of courtesy.

HATTIE BOGGS,

New Martinsville, W. Va.

"Though we looked with divining eyes,

We had not skill enough your worth to sing."

AUDREY DOUGLAS,

Point Marion, Pa.

"Bluest eyes that e'er you'll see,
Poetry seems written for such as she."

ZELLA FORTNEY,

Shinnston, W. Va.

"Angels listen when she speaks."

ZACHARIAH DAVIS

Fairmont, W. Va.

"Zeke" is the all-around athlete of the school, and yet he "vaunteth not himself, is not puffed up, doth not behave himself unseemly, and is not easily provoked." If Herodotus were living today, he would acknowledge "Zeke" as his superior, historically speaking, of course.

Junior Normal Class History

Some time before the coming of the winter of 1912, probably during the fall of 1911, A. D., a tribe of semi-barbarous people, known as the Freshmen, took up their abode with three other tribes, the Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors, at the Normal. These people appear to have been wanderers and little is known of their organization or institutions, as they seem to have kept no record. However, some crude information has been gathered from queer pictures and writings found about the building and on the backs of old note-books. It is probable that some of this wandering tribe found homes in the dormitory. The tribe seems to have gradually mixed with the other tribes; for they took up the study of the language and customs of the people with whom they had settled, and came under the rule of the great "O. I."

So great was the progress of this tribe that soon they were admitted by President Woodley as chartered members of the Normal School under the name of "Sophomores." From this duly chartered class were chosen officers for the athletic association, the literary societies and many other organizations, thus showing the ability of the Sophomores.

In the fall of 1913 a great train of emigrants settled with this tribe, and again they were given a charter with the name "Juniors." These new settlers were given a

share in the government, the women having the same right to vote and hold office as the men.

Indeed this tribe of Juniors, or the class of 1915, is a light that Burns far brighter than any other class in school. If any of the lower classes get into deep Waters, they always Hunt up the Juniors, and from the hands of this noble class they receive encouragement which sends them their way rejoicing.

This class is not a bunch of idlers either, for there is the Smith with large and sinewy hands, and the Miller, who is always busy, though she is not a grind.

Then, being aesthetic in nature, the class could not live without flowers. We have a variety of Lilies and a Daisy. The Daisy, however, is not of that type which school children sometimes call "nigger heads."

The moral standard of the class is very high, as is shown by the fact that the Quirk (church) is always well attended. This is probably due to the love which the whole class has for the Rector.

In short, the Graces and virtues of this class are too numerous to mention, but really what Moore could one wish as a proof that this, the class of 1915, is the best class in the Normal?

M. B.

The Junior Academic Class

CLASS COLORS: Old Gold and Blue
CLASS MOTTO: Nulli secundus
CLASS FLOWER: Violet

OFFICERS

President	B. A. LOVETT
Vice-President	HUGH MEREDITH
Secretary	MADELINE FLEMING
Treasurer	MARGUERITE PRICKETT
Doorkeeper	FOREST FORTNEY
Historian	G. T. FEDERER
Poet	REBECCA RUTHERFORD

YELL

Razzle dazzle, razzle dazzle,
Sis, rah, boom,
Nineteen fifteen, give us room.



B. A. LOVETT,
Weston, W. Va.

His common sense and executive ability, coupled with his commanding personality, won for him the presidency of his class and the respect of the entire school. He is very fond of the girls and has been known to correspond with them on post cards, during the summer vacation, but when school opens, he runs like a deer, and some of the girls think he is a dear.

OMA SNODGRASS,
Smithfield, W. Va.

Oma is the tall, low, heavy-set girl, known in sewing circles as "Cream Puff." To tell you all the good qualities of this lassie would require a volume of ponderous size, so you must be content with the knowledge that she is the best basket ball rooter in the State.



GREENLAND FEDERER,
Morgantown, W. Va.

"Butch" is a junior and has been for one whole semester. He is noted for his regularity in attending society functions and for his delight in the campus course. He is an orator of no mean ability, and has expressed his desire to become a lawyer. This we have suspected long since, as he has been known to spend hours loafing around the court house. Some surmise that his aspirations are for a "Smithy."

VIRGEAN HALE,

Fairmont, W. Va.

This little blue-eyed maid came quietly to school one day, and since her stay, has gained much wisdom; but in return for it, she has given much of her sweetness to us.



HARRY CONAWAY,

Barrackville, W. Va.

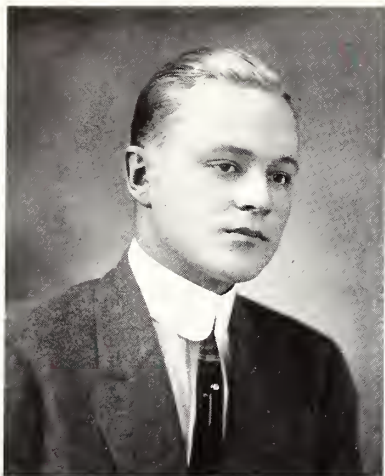
We never know exactly how to take this young man, as he never has much to say excepting in Mr. Mercer's geometry class.

PEARL THOMAS,

Grafton, W. Va.

Here is one of whom we do not hear much said. She has as her motto: "Be good and not too prominent." Of all things, she surely has a love for Latin and always pleases Mr. Davis.





MARJORIE ROSS,
Fairmont, W. Va.
Botany, Botany, is her cry,
B - O - T - A - N - Y!
She's the star in this 'ere class
And with an "A" she'll always pass.



GLEN CARTER,
Fairmont, W. Va.
Charmed with the gentle sex, in
general, and independent of any one
of it in particular, he shows no par-
tiality in his gallant treatment there-
of. With a dignified bearing, he
goes about his work quietly, with the
spirit of industry.



FOREST FORTNEY,
Dola, W. Va.
"True constancy no time, no power,
can move,
He that hath known to change, ne'er
knew to love."

EDWARD SKINNER,
Newburg, W. Va.

Ed has just about decided that the Normal without Sturm (ess) was not nearly so good as Grafton High; and Mr. Mercer thought he was going to lose another of the stars from the geometry class, when "Becky" came to the rescue.

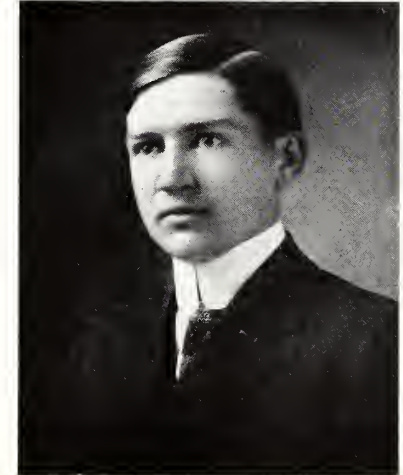


FRANK FREEMAN,
Center Point, W. Va.
"I love a teeming wit, as I love my
nourishment."



HARRY STEWART,
White Rock, W. Va.

He is, to say the least, a very precocious young man. His mind has developed so far beyond that of the ordinary young man of his years that he is able to conscientiously, continuously, and consistently keep up with (yea, and even outstrip) his class in Caesar and still have time to love and to be loved and idolized by the fair sex.



HUGH MEREDITH,
Fairmont, W. Va.

Hugh, the "lady's man," is always willing to lend a helping hand on any occasion.

Hugh is often seen gazing with deepest reveries into the hearts of the streams,—especially the Brooks.



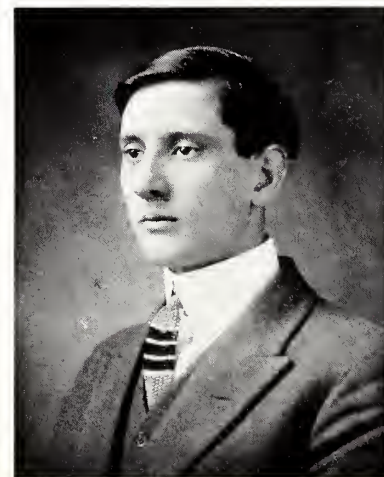
P. J. SNODGRASS,
Smithfield, W. Va.

"P. J." is the fellow who, while reporting on, or criticising a story, always shows profound respect for the unfortunate author, by forgetting his name. It would be nice if more of us had those manly qualities when we think we see others' mistakes.



PEARL CORK,
Simpson, W. Va.

Any member of the class who has aspirations to become President of the United States would do well to seek an intimate acquaintance with the young lady, for she has those qualities that go to make an admirable First Lady of the Land.



MADGE BRAKE,

Auburn, W. Va.

If you don't know Madge, take advantage of the first opportunity to get acquainted with her. There is no one like her, for she is entirely original and very interesting. You simply can't afford to miss knowing her.

MADELINE FLEMING,

Fairmont, W. Va.

Madeline is very fond of pickles and A(l)monds. Since she came to the "Dorm," we have learned from the quality and variety of pickles, that she is not to be named "The Bachelor Girl" of our Junior Class.

EDRA MANLEY,

Watson, W. Va.

Those eyes, those eyes, how full of heaven they are,
When the calm twilight leaves the
heaven most holy.

GORDIA CONWELL,

Barrackville, W. Va.

Her artistic productions rival Millet's.

ELIZABETH GIFFIN,

Fairmont, W. Va.

"Good-humor is the health of the soul."

WILLIAM HUGHES,

Farmington, W. Va.

Willie is quite a Latin student. He comes early and leaves late. "Seest thou a man diligent in his work, he shall stand before kings, not before mean men."

DOROTHY HARRIS,

Glen Eaton, W. Va.

That inexhaustible good nature, which is itself the most precious gift of heaven, spreading itself like oil over the troubled sea of thought, and keeping the mind smooth and equable in the roughest weather.

JAMES HULL,

Freemansburg, W. Va.

The good looking little boy with pink and white complexion is "Jimmy" Hull. Jimmy is a star twirler on the diamond. We don't know what his aspirations are; but as he knows exactly the number of paces Nehemiah took on his journey from Jerusalem to Babylon, we advise Mr. Higby to brush up a little.

CHARLES HUGHES,

Farmington, W. Va.

"Cicero" Hughes is noted for his literary tastes. He has won many medals and prizes as a debater, orator, and author.

His only fault is his mania for dancing. But who can blame him?

REBECCA RUTHERFORD,

Cairo, W. Va.

"Poet esteem thy noble part, still
listen, still record,
Sacred historian of the heart, and
moral nature's lord."



GRACE MATTHEWS,

Independence, W. Va.

"Don't bother me, I have to get this theorem. Let me see, if a chord is tangent to a ——." This may be heard any time.

AMANDA MCCORD,

Fairview, W. Va.

"She is the pride of Mr. Hupp's penmanship class, and also of Miss Eaton's classes in sewing and drawing. Her future is unknown to us, but some man knows.

CADDIE MATHEW,

Cameron, W. Va.

She is Miss Keyser's inspiration, and notwithstanding, a very sweet girl.

ZELMA TRIPPETT,

Little Falls, W. Va.

This sweet, modest maid, who is more often seen than heard, has been known to hold her instructors, and the opposite sex, spell-bound by her stern look.

CLAUDE HEVENER,

Roanoke, W. Va.

Oh, that I were beside her now;
Oh, will she answer if I call?
Oh, would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Madeline, if I told her all?

JENNESS DOWNS,

Farmington, W. Va.

You ask why those sad tears?
Why those eyes are dim with weeping?
It is because she has such a time,
To get her experiments in on time.

GUY WILES,

Tunnelton, W. Va.

Guy has a keen admiration for pretty things, although his chief concern is now in "Fitzhugh."

DREXEL GEORGE,

Center Point, W. Va.

Drexel was born quite young, according to phrenologists and other important men of feeling. This accounts for his quiet way of going about the halls; and for his good behavior in the library. He is a great believer in "suffragetism."

MARGUERITE PRICKETT,

Montana, W. Va.

Among the favorites is Marguerite; and when going through the hall, a smile, a look quite sweet, she lends to each and all.

LAETAZELLE SNYDER,

Keyser, W. Va.

We did not know this maid until September, 1913, neither did she know the Hall until at that time, when she made her appearance in Fairmont. She is well pleased and has decided to stay through the summer term.

RALPH WATKINS,

Watson, W. Va.

Here is one of our athletic stars. We always feel that we will win when Wat. takes part.

GERTRUDE SHAFFERMAN,

Newburg, W. Va.

Dutch I b, oh, quite nice!
But 'Drex' says, that cuts no ice.
Yet, however, Dutch I be,
So, by George! we both agree.

Junior Academic Class History

In the fall of 1911, just when the September winds were reminding us of barking squirrels, of ripening nuts, and of winter comfort, our mothers tucked us snugly into bed for the last time before we left for school. Half sorry, and yet half glad, we had returned from our farewell visit to the old orchard, the brook, and the pasture; happy, to know our toils on the farm were ended for a time; but sorry to know we would be deprived of those joyous ~~sp~~ighing parties and social gatherings, that were the fruits of winter weather, we fell into dreamland, only to be aroused from those peaceful hours of repose, and thrown out upon the world without a respectful good-bye to our friends.

It was September eleventh when we arrived in Fairmont. After we had wandered around the city, we finally found ourselves in the Normal. We inquired our way to the office, and standing there with untrained hair and silly grins, we did, apparently in the presence of our enemies, make application to investigate the interior of that knowledge factory known as the Fairmont State Normal School. After standing in the halls for a few days, we soon fell into line and placed upon our hats streamers of yellow and white ribbon; but as we resembled all others in school, we found it necessary to form ourselves into separate groups. The President of the school seemed to recognize that fact, and one day we were permitted to assemble in room three, where we organized ourselves into a group known as the class of '15.

Then we were freshmen, and held by no means a high place in the circles of society; but put forth a steadfast effort to accomplish the

duties that were placed upon us. Now we are juniors and achieve first honors in all we attempt. The secret of our success lies in the fact that we labored so diligently when we first entered, and now we are reaping a golden harvest from the sowing and cultivating of a thrifty growth; instead of replanting—the work necessary in so many frost-bitten school careers. In athletics we have fully played our part; both in lending to the first team star players and in producing a good class team. Our basket ball team has never failed to defeat our opponents, and as one-half of the season is over, we feel confident of winning the contest. In classwork we are excelled by none. The Freshmen look to us for leadership; the Sophomores realize that we are far their superiors; the Seniors are racing neck to neck with us, and were we not on the home stretch, they would soon be compelled to wipe the dust of our feet from their eyes. It is to the Faculty that we feel grateful for our success; since we realize we came to them as raw material, and will be sent out a finished product.

Next year we shall be seniors; but we hope that we shall not forget our early training, and feel that we are so far beyond beginners. The diplomas that are presented us will not make us feel that we have attained perfection, nor shall we expect them to carry us through the world; but only to serve as a receipt for our stay here in the Normal. With this thought in view as we go forth to lend a hand to science, to become the philosophers of the morrow, may we be recognized as main factors in the building of high ideals for the benefit of mankind.

G. T. F.

The Dying Junior

A Fairmont Normal student lay dying in the Dorm,
And now the last cold chill of death was stealing o'er her form.
Her room-mate knelt beside her, as her life fast ebbed away.
And bent with pitying glances to hear what she might say.

Tell Mrs. Gibson that at last, my light is going out,
No more she'll have to come out here to see what I'm about.
Tell her I ask forgiveness for all the noise I've made,
'Twill be forgotten—all of it, when 'neath the sod I'm laid.

Tell Mr. Woodley, for the last time to the office I've been sent,
For the days of my poor luckless life are very nearly spent.
And tell him, that I'll 'keep moving' straight to the Golden Gate.
And hurriedly I'll march on through, ere St. Peter says 'you're late.'

Tell Mr. Higby that my history grade has caused me greatest pain.
The pericardium of my heart in anguish burst in twain.
And that the membrane of my throat was parched with bitter woe,
My spinal cord and all my nerves were shattered by the blow.

Tell him too, that if in Hades, I should hear old Cicero
Delivering orations to his friends in realms below,
I'll tell him how I struggled, strove and pondered all in vain,
And how my "E" in finals, added greatly to my pain.

Tell Miss Keyser not to wring her slender hands in grief for me,
Nor look upon my cold remains in grand hyperbole;
But to scan my youthful features, with more merciful a gaze
Than she gave the compositions of my luckless Junior days.

Tell Mr. Mercer to construct an arc, and there inscribe my name
Lest the record of my failure be all unknown to fame;
And to drape my worn geometry in a mourning robe, for me,
And 'neath the problem of my life write plainly—Q. E. D.

Tell Mr. Martin I died with head erect, and shoulders well thrown
in back,
Though my chest was not expanded, for some breath I seemed to lack.
But I still enunciated every sentence sweetly clear,
And met my death so bravely, with ne'er a thought of fear.

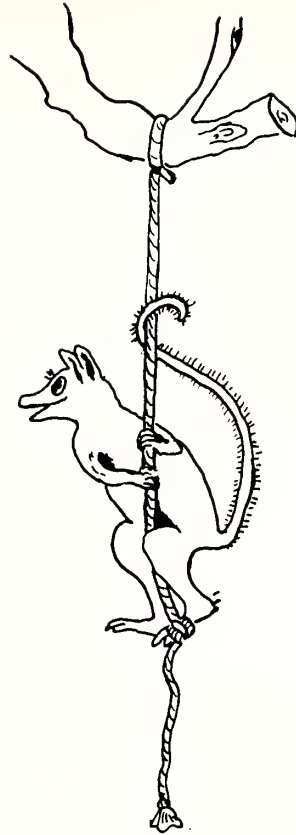
Tell Miss Stalnaker in German I strove to win a name,
But I only strove to reach the heights I never could attain;
But in spite of moods and tenses; all my thoughts will be expressed
In the words of "Ich gabibble," as they seem to suit the best.

Ask Miss Eaton if she'll kindly make a long white shroud for me,
And hem it with a German hem, as neat as neat can be;
And see it fits correctly, ere I am laid to rest,
For of all my many teachers, she can do this part the best.

There's another—not a teacher—in those dear old Normal days,
With whom I took the Campus Course, to its minutest phase.
Tell him upon the Campus green I ne'er again shall stroll,
Nor root for him at South Side Park, when he has made a goal."

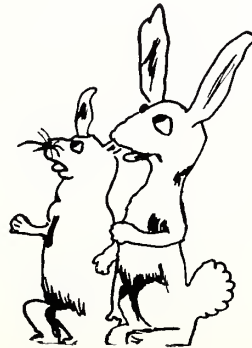
The dying Junior trembled, her voice grew childish weak
She softly clasped her room-mate's hand, she sighed, and ceased to
speak
And on the wings of evening, as her spirit seemed to pass,
Was borne a burst of anguish from the members of her class."

REBECCA RUTHERFORD.



"William! What on earth is Zeke up on that rope for?"

"Why my dear, he is trying to be the first person to see Willie Smith get a girl."



JA-

Jingles

"How goes it at the Normal, Jack?"
A father once petitioned,
Then quickly came the answer back,
"I'm very well conditioned."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these, it might have been;
But sadder still are these to me,
"On your last test you got an 'E'."

Normal Students who seek education,
Should study hard, take no recreation:
Not go to parties nor stay up late;
Just dig away and trust to fate.
Keep moving, as to and from classes they go,
Or get a "squelching" from—well, you know.
The rules at the Dorm are getting tight,
They've covered the campus with electric light.
Farewell to the good old times at school;
The Faculty has forgotten the Golden Rule.



ON THE HOME STRETCH





JUNIUS K. MUSSER
President

Sophomore Class

CLASS MOTTO: The highest mark is never reached
Except by what is aimed above it

CLASS COLORS: Maroon and Cream

CLASS FLOWER: Red and White Tulip

OFFICERS

President.....	JUNIUS K. MUSSER
Vice-President.....	L. C. FURBEE
Secretary.....	BERTHA DILGARD
Treasurer.....	W. D. MILLER
Historian.....	LAVERNA SHUTTLESWORTH
Doorkeeper.....	C. RAY MURRAY

YELL

Rah, Rah, Rah! Ha, Ha, Ha!
Wow, Wow, Wow! Sophomores



SOPHOMORE CLASS

How the Sophomores Got Their Wisdom

(HISTORY OF THE SOPHOMORE CLASS)

Now this is a story — a story about a once youngish — nervish — greenish class of boys and girls, who being full of 'satiabile curiosity, and that means that they asked ever so many questions—and not being content with mere smear reading and writing, came from the low places and from the high places of the eastern-western state of West Virginia, to the really truly great Fairmont State Normal School.

And to show you that this class of youngish — nervish — greenish boys and girls were correct in their decision, I will just name some of their 'vantages.

'Vantage number one: They came in contact with really truly cultured people.

'Vantage number two: Their eager meager minds were cultivated to receive the really truly culture which they could not have done with mere smear reading and writing. But as there are many 'vantages, I'll leave them for you to find out for yourself.

Now the pride of this youngish — nervish — greenish class was inordinate: and because they were youngish—nervish—greenish, they were often wilted by the scorching — burning words and looks of the J's and S's. But because they were nervish they waited patiently, because there was nothing else to do, until they should lose their youngish — nervish — greenishness, and this is the way they did it:

The learned Musser translated a really truly difficult line of Latin; and being much run after, was made president of the class.

The 'satiabile Clancy played a wonderful practifful game of basket ball.

The ingenious Hazel contrived with charcoal and card board, a really truly distinguished looking sketch of the great all Trainer.

The starchy Carlin produced a very graceful and priggish bow once upon a time, when introduced to The Student Body.

The sunny Martin broke the ice which surrounded the J's and S's.

The nervish Bertha sang the newish and ever popular air, "Little Dog Tray."

The 'witching Beatrice and winsome Anna propounded ditties and really truly inspiring waltzes until the grave, distinguished, and dignified Shafer wore the toe off his shoe.

The witty and brilliant Burbee fascinated and held the Roman History class spellbound with his speech on "How women got the right to dress in those early times."

The timid Estelle arose and delivered tremblingly, but most strikingly, A. Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

And the honest, oh, the most honorable Paul! returned to the office a lady's handkerchief containing in one corner a large hole.

Indeed this whole class of youngish — nervish — greenish class of boys and girls have so distinguished themselves, heaping honor upon honor upon their heads, until there is not a youngish — nervish — greenish one to be found in the whole 1914 Sophomore Class.

L. G. S.





RUSSELL HUSTEAD
President

Freshman Class

CLASS COLORS: Old Gold and Blue

CLASS MOTTO: Venimus, vidumus, vincemus

CLASS FLOWER: American Beauty Rose

President	RUSSELL HUSTEAD
Vice-President	SHANNON ALLEN
Secretary	JANIE MATTHEWS
Treasurer	BLAKE BILLINGSLEA
Doorkeeper	WAYNE SWISHER

YELL

Forward march!
Hep, hep, hurrah,
Freshmen, Freshmen,
..Rah, rah, rah!



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

On the treasured hills and fruitful valleys of West Virginia, the sun has for ages let fall his brightest beams; causing to flourish within her bounds a great variety of those things necessary to sustain man, and to furnish him with pleasure. Mother Earth, in her generosity rivaling Old Sol, has, from her bosom endowed our state with mineral deposits illimitable; and man, not to be outdone, has peopled it with the most industrious, patriotic, and liberty-loving people on the earth.

But last year Old Sol beamed with extraordinary brightness; crops flourished as never before; Mother Earth surrendered of her treasures a bountiful portion, and a large number of the present generation of that unrivaled scion of the American people realized that only by educating themselves could they appreciate the beauties of their state, or take advantage of its resources.

Understanding that the choice of a school was an important factor of those benefits they might expect to receive from years invested in study, the wisest, wittiest, and most ambitious members of this sturdy race, gave proof of their sound judgment by unanimously agreeing on The Fairmont State Normal School as their medium of achieving fame. For their choosing this school, they are to be congratulated; as is the school, for their choice of it. These young people, the class of '17, have entered this school with the spirit, deter-

mination, and ability, to make this class the honor class in the history of this college.

In them, combined with this indomitable spirit and determination, is the masterful ingeniousness necessary to accomplish those tasks, set by themselves, for themselves, and in such a way as to be a credit to themselves, and to the institution which they represent.

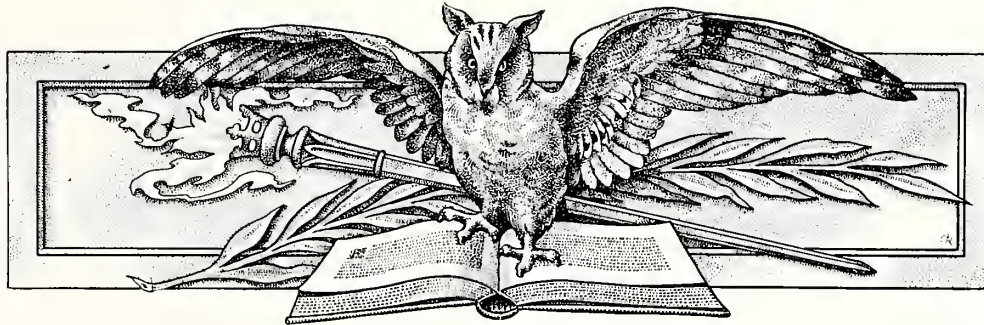
No mention is made of the achievements of this class, their greatness is in embryo; neither can we at the time of their graduation, boast of their superiority. Their successes in school, what they do here, that counts nothing; what they do when they go out in the world; the way they bear themselves there; the application they make of those things learned and done here, that is the test. And it is by these standards that this class will be measured, and found superior.

We have the aggressiveness, the determination, and ambition, to seek and solve great problems, encounter and overcome great obstacles. We are here that we may better equip ourselves for those tests; and in addition, leave undone no thing, let pass no opportunity, that in later years might bring regret, but without the means of appealing it.

Hoping that this class and this school may to each other prove a mutual benefit, we are,

THE FRESHMAN CLASS OF F. S. N. S. 1913-14.

S. A.



School Organizations

The Student Body

OFFICERS

President	J. H. COLEBANK
Vice-President	PAUL WATKINS
Secretary	GRACE VAN HORN
Treasurer	ARMA BING

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

TOM LAULIS

J. K. MUSSER

FRANK GOFF

The Student Body Association perhaps does more real service for F. S. N. S. than any other organization connected with it. This organization was instituted in this school through the influence of Dr. C. J. C. Bennett, on the first day of November, 1907. Its purpose is to deal with affairs in which the student body as a whole is interested. The organization unites the students into an effective body, which does assist in adapting and carrying out plans that are for the betterment and general uplift of the school. It is through this body that our wants and needs are made known to the President and faculty. Our needs are also made known to the Legislature and Board of Control through the Student Association, and no doubt many good things have been added to our school through our

petitions to these bodies. At least our petitions are honored by the consideration of these men of affairs.

Every regularly enrolled student is a member of the Student Body Association. Each student is assessed fifteen cents each semester, which is collected at the time of enrollment. This money is used for the current expenses of the association. Entertainments are often given, thus the social life of the school materially helped. It is the purpose of the old students to help the new ones find themselves and feel that they are part of the association, to make them feel at home in our midst. Its aim is to do at all times the best things in the best way for the Fairmont State Normal School.

J. H. C.





STUDENT BODY OFFICERS

The Lecture Course Committee

AUBREY W. MARTIN.....Faculty Member
CLAUDE WHALEYManager
C. ROYALL KESSEL.....Student Member



The Normal School Lecture Course

The Lecture Course is a vital institution, and in its power for good, takes equal rank with church and school. Because it is untrammelled by party or creed, it attracts to its forces the brightest minds of the world. Here speech is free, and the only Board of Censorship is public opinion. Here success depends upon merit. Here must be that genuine intellectual appeal which is unquestionably the only justification for the existence of a Lecture Course anywhere.

The Fairmont State Normal School Lecture Course has been in existence for a number of years, but not until the present year has it attained to the dignity and strength commensurate with the high standing of the school by which it is operated, or with the size and culture of the City in which it is given.

Three years ago the course cost \$285, and was made to pay expenses only by the most careful and economical management. This year it is costing more than \$1100, and the end of the season will find a small balance in the treasury.

The reasons for this remarkable growth are not hard to find. Three years ago Normal students were permitted to follow their own inclinations respecting the purchase of lecture course tickets, and as a result, not more than fifty per cent of the total enrollment attended the various numbers. The Student Body Association, under whose auspices the course is given, realizing the genuine educational value of the course, adopted a resolution requiring all students to purchase tickets, and authorizing the Secretary of the Faculty to col-

lect the same when the tuition should be paid. There was practically no opposition to this plan, and as a result, every student enrolled in the Fairmont State Normal School has become an enthusiastic patron of the Lecture Course.

Another reason for the increased attendance is to be found in the fact that the talent appearing on the course has been of such nature as to attract the patronage of the citizens of the City. This season over two hundred tickets were sold to patrons in no way connected with the school.

It is generally conceded that this year's course is the best ever offered in Fairmont; and the fact that each number was given to a crowded house, proves the wisdom of selecting a course of such merit.

The prospective student should bear in mind that no other school in West Virginia has ever offered its students the wealth of high class entertainment enjoyed by the students of this institution. For the past three years, the regular course has been supplemented by a large number of other concerts and lectures, promoted by the Normal School, and various other interests, all of which have been open to Normal students at moderate cost. Upon the completion of the new buildings, with their added facilities, and the increased enrollment which will result therefrom, the Fairmont State Normal School Lecture Course will doubtless become one of the really great institutions of West Virginia.

Calendar for F. S. N. S. Lecture Course

1913-14

Mme. Evelyn Scotney.....	October 3, 1913
International Opera Co.....	November 13, 1913
White's Musical Review.....	November 24, 1913
The Floyds	December 9, 1913
The Apollos	January 8, 1914
John Merritte Driver.....	February 10, 1914
Albert Edward Wiggam.....	March 24, 1914
Newell Dwight Hillis.....	April 27, 1914

Talent for Next Year

Glen Frank
Frank Dixon
Robert P. Miles
Grace Hall, Riheldaffer & Co.
Marcus Kellerman & Co.
Frank Lea Short Co.
Maud Powell
The Zoellner Quartette
Edward Amherst Ott
Montaville Flowers

The Fairmont Normal School

TUNE—A Capital Ship

(Submitted in Song Writing Contest)

I

Of every place throughout all space
Fairmont Normal is the best.
She fights for right, with all her might;
Meets with credit, every test.
When a battle's begun, it's always won,
No matter how strong the foe.
But if we shouldn't win, we'd only grin,
Try it again and make it go.

CHORUS

Then give three cheers—Hurrah!
Yes, shout again—Hurrah!
For yellow and white stands for the right,
For honor, and for truth.
No matter what winds may blow,
Old Normal's on the go,
Without a fear, and with good cheer,
And with the fire of youth.

II

Every honor won, every good thing done,
Was accomplished through hard work;
So with a smile, if the thing's worth while,
Will tackle it and never shirk.
But we do not dare do a thing unfair,
Nor claim what we do not win.
And defeat we'd take, before we'd fake,
For to cheat, is the blackest sin.

CHORUS

III

Real, true fun, we never shun;
We're jolly as we can be.
And no one minds, whenever he finds,
That a wonderful joke is he.
If it's genuine mirth, there's nothing on earth,
That we enjoy so.
But when a thing is tried (all fun aside),
It's simply got to "go."

CHORUS

DORTHA KNAPP.

Y. W. C. A.

*"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the
Lord"*

CABINET

President	ARMA BING
Vice-President	LAETAZELLE SNYDER
Secretary	BERTHA DILGARD
Corresponding Secretary.....	CORA LEE MONROE
Treasurer	LOUISE RECTOR

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Membership	LAETAZELLE SNYDER
Social Service.....	BERTHA DILGARD
Association News.....	CORA LEE MONROE
Finance	LOUISE RECTOR
Bible Study.....	GRACE VANHORN
Missions	THELMA SWISHER
Devotional	LILLIE WATERS
Social	MARY MOORE
Music	ELIZABETH POSTEN
Faculty Adviser.....	DORCAS PRICHARD

The year just closed has been a very successful one for this organization. The membership increased to more than one hundred, and more than \$216 was paid into the treasury in membership fees, systematic giving, etc. Of this about \$65.00 remains in the treasury for the beginning of next year's work.

Last year the Association sent one girl to summer conference at Eagles Mere. This year one girl will be sent to the district conference at Dayton, Ohio, and two girls will be sent to Eagles Mere. The work of the various committees will be carried on much the same as in the past and it is the aim of the Association to have every girl in the institution become a loyal member, thus enlisting her devotion to the Christian faith.

C. L. M.



Y. W. C. A.

The Normal School Y. M. C. A.

SOCIETY OFFICERS

President	CLAUD WHALEY
Vice-President	R. P. ROMESBURG
Secretary	C. F. DANSER
Treasurer	JUNIUS K. MUSSER

This year the Fairmont State Normal School has succeeded in establishing a Young Men's Christian Association, which has proved beneficial in many ways. Last year some arrangements were made for the establishment of this most beneficial department; but, on account of lack of interest on the part of the students, the plans could not be carried out. We may justly attribute, I think, its establishment this year to the efforts of Doctor Davis and Mr. Hupp. Much credit is also due the students and the President, Mr. Whaley.

Many of the members have taken great interest in the work that has been assigned to them by the Executive

Board. We have a committee for every department; and these committees have given excellent satisfaction. They are, namely: Executive, Program, Social, Employment, Bible Study Extension, Membership, and New Students.

Our constitution, which was adopted in February, is a complete and historical document within itself. The preamble is as follows:

"We the members of the Young Men's Christian Association have formed this Association for the promotion of the moral and religious welfare of the young men of this school, and others with whom they come in contact."

On account of this organization in our school there has been less friction, more co-operation and good will, and higher standard of living, among the students than there has been for several years past. It has shed its influence over all, and as Mr. Woodley said in chapel one morning, "A more sincere atmosphere is prevalent than there has been formerly."

L. S.



Y. M. C. A.

The Mozart Literary Society

MOTTO: "Adpiscimur lucem delabi."

COLORS: Gold and Blue

FLOWER: Pansy

OFFICERS

President	DAVID KENNEDY
Vice-President	JUNIUS K. MUSSER
Secretary	LAETAZELLE SNYDER
Treasurer	CLARK RUSK
Critic	C. ROYAL KESSEL
Doorkeeper.....	LEIGH HUSTEAD

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Charles E. Hupp
Reubey Hall

Claude Whaley
Bertha Dilgard



MOZART OFFICERS

History of The Mozart Literary Society

In 1872 what is now the Lyceum Society was formed, but ladies were not eligible to membership. On March 11th, 1875, seven energetic leaders of the student body, who realized that only young men were receiving literary training, met in Miss Fleming's room for the purpose of organizing a new society which would admit both men and women to membership. Mr. A. A. Waters was chosen temporary chairman, and P. Marteney as secretary. After consultation, a committee was appointed to confer with the President and Faculty concerning the organization of a new society. On March 16th, another meeting was held and, as the committee made a favorable report, it was decided to make a permanent organization. Accordingly, F. P. Heskit was elected President; A. A. Waters, Vice-President; P. Marteney, Secretary; L. M. Wade, Treasurer; and J. W. Shoemaker, Librarian.

The chief motive in forming this new society grew out of what was felt to be a necessity, and not a spirit of enmity, as has sometimes been affirmed. Only one member withdrew from the Lyceum Society to join the Mozart, and all the other original members were new students who did not desire to join the Lyceum Society, chiefly because its constitution did not admit ladies as members. The Mozart Literary Society began with seven members and, although they met with opposition and ridicule, they went on with their work, and at the end of the term, the membership had increased to thirty. The wisdom of their course has been proven time and again by the help, inspiration, and influence the lady members have rendered, and soon after the Mozart Literary Society was established, the Lyceum Society amended its constitution to admit lady members.

Shortly after the Mozart Literary Society was permanently organized, a challenge for a friendly contest was sent to the Lyceum Society. This contest was held in June, 1875, and each succeeding year, with few exceptions, there has been a similar contest, interesting, exciting, and with a high degree of friendly rivalry.

In 1899 Willis Smith, of Elkins, a former student of the F. S. N. S., gave a silver wreath as a trophy of honor to be given to the winning society and to be hung in its hall, remaining there until won by the other society. Since then the annual contest has been a real combat, and ex-members come from far and near to join in the celebration of triumph, or to sympathize in the hour of defeat.

At the close of this, our 39th year of successful work, we can look back upon our record with a just feeling of pride. Mozart alumni are found leading in every profession, and many men and women who have gone out from the Mozart Literary Society over this and other states, are constantly reminding us that their present success is largely due to the experience and inspiration gained in the work of the Mozart Literary Society. We feel that the aid and inspiration we have given, and are giving, the youth of our "Little Mountain State," to constantly strive for the higher and nobler things of life, will make our work live long after us. So long as the F. S. N. S. exists, we sincerely expect to maintain our society, striving to be in the front rank, aiming to be progressive, and helping to fit young people for efficient living. "With sympathy for all and malice toward none," we are ever trying to carry out our motto: "Adipiscimur lucem delabi."

C. L. M., M. E. M., Historians.

Lyceum Literary Society

In 1872 an organization was formed, and christened "The Lyceum Literary Society."

Since the establishment of this Literary Society, it has been customary, and still is, to meet every Friday evening. The different programs are somewhat varied in character, and therefore meet the varying abilities of its many members. At the different meetings there are given vocal and instrumental selections, declamations, readings, orations, and debates, which training enables the student to become conspicuous in every walk of life, by his magnificent intellect attained and by his superiority in public demonstrations. We are more than glad to say that its influence is not bound by the narrow confines of the State. Great legislators, doctors, lawyers, farmers, preachers, and others in the pursuit of their various professions, who have learned to speak intelligently before an audience from its platform, have gone forth from its walls, and are now living in almost every state in the Union, being distinguished on account of their intellectual ability.

There is at the present time a good healthy rivalry between the two societies, which without doubt is an important factor in their

activity and vigor. During the commencement week the annual contest between the two societies is held to determine which shall be the winner of the Silver Wreath that was given in 1899 by Willis Smith of Elkins, a former student of the F. S. N. S., to the society which won in the annual contest. The combats have become very interesting and attractive. Many of the ex-members of the Normal come from nearly every section of the State and fill the Auditorium to its utmost capacity to see and join in the celebration of triumph. Lyceum has not always won. The Mozart Society has shared equally the fruits of victory.

The years which have elapsed since the organization of the society in 1872, have brought many changes. We as a society have profited by the experience of former years, and as we look back over the record of forty-two years of literary work, it is a pleasure to note that we have always endeavored to keep abreast of the times. So long as the Fairmont State Normal School exists, we shall ever be striving to train young men and women for a more efficient life.

R. P. R.

Lyceum Literary Society

MOTTO: "Sic itur ad astra"

COLORS: Olive Green and Yellow FLOWER: The Rose

OFFICERS

President	J. H. COLEBANK
Vice-President	SHANNON ALLEN
Secretary	RUTH PHILLIPS
Treasurer	DILLON BAUGHMAN
Critic	C. F. DANSER
Doorkeeper	MYRON B. SPIELMAN

PROGRAM COMMITTEE

Rebecca Rutherford	Greenland Federer
Lily Waters	Frank Mauzy



LYCEUM OFFICERS

The Mound Board

BESSIE BERRY.....	Normal Editor
LEIGH HUSTEAD.....	Academic Editor
NEVA B. CURREY.....	Normal Business Manager
C. ROYALL KESSEL.....	Academic Business Manager
ROBERT P. ROMESBURG.....	Advertising Manager
DORTHA KNAPP.....	Assistant Editor
BESS GRAHAM.....	Joke Editor
RUTH PHILLIPS	Artist
MISS KEYSER.....	Faculty Adviser



MOUND BOARD

Koloiga Circle

	Indian Name	Symbol
Grace Matthews	Wah-wah-tay-see	Firefly
Opal Stephenson	Nokomis	Moon
Cora Clayton	Mowatha.....	Flash of Light
Janie Matthews	Minnibogonni	Sun
Caddie Matthews	Kan-a-wha	White Rock
Pearl Cork	Wama	Dove
Jean Linn	Aetawah	Rose
Madeline Fleming	Do-wan-he-wee	Nightingale
Pearl Thomas	Wee-no-nah	Head of Wheat
Laura White	Mischa-macua	Club
Marjorie Ross	Owaissa	Bluebird
Amanda McCord	Lo-lo-me	Cross
Marguerite Prickett	Han-tav-wee	Cedar
Miss Stalnaker	Etoile	Star



Kopohela Camp Fire Circle

Miss McConnell, Guardian	Edna Tierney
Arma Bing	Margaret Hall
Reubey Hall	Neva Currey
Laetazelle Snyder	Grace Van Horn
Bertha Dilgard	Dortha Knapp
Edith Snyder	Pearl Wilson
Louise Rector	Frank Goff
Mary Barret	Mary Moore
	Rebecca Rutherford

Waconda Camp Fire Circle

Mary Jane Eaton, Guardian	Edna Miller
Louise Leonard	Estella Parker
Gladdine Fisher	Jean Billingslea
Cecil Kennedy	Mary Frances Hartley
Adele Furbee	Mary Burns
Elizabeth Posten	Faye Sturm
	Erma Henry

Ohiyesa Camp Fire Circle

Miss Ethel Ice, Guardian	Cora Lee Monroe
Elizabeth Giffin	Sylvia Mae Nutter
Julia Hayhurst	Edra Manly
Lovie Mae Haught	Laverna Shuttlesworth
Estelle Horner	Anna Snyder
Hazel Lanham	Laura F. Snyder
	Thelma Swisher



KALOIGA CAMP FIRE CIRCLE

Great Tribes of The Monongahela Valley

The time has passed when the jay called from the trees; when the laughing waters jumped and ran over stones and gravel; when the maples were making, bit by bit, crimson coverings for the earth. It was in the time when the snow was on the hills, and the ice upon the waters; when all was white and glistening, except the pine trees in the forest, that the tribe of Kopohela came to the Monongahela valley.

They pitched their wigwams in the lowlands, near the edge of a great water, of the great Monongahela, where the piercing winds of January would not strike them; where bleak winter would be kinder.

One day the great chief Ahwe called all the people together. Then came great warriors, Miwanna, Nawonna, Malala, Minnetoska, and many more, to one hill, higher than any of the others. There, around a blazing camp fire, they talked of all their former battles.

Then Ahwe spoke in his deep voice, and said, "My people, we take too much time for the hunt and the dance, we seek pleasure in folly. We would have all play and no work. Long ago, when our fathers dwelt on the earth, red men were strong and brave; now we are all squaws. The time has come, my people, when we should find pleasure in work. Hereafter, whenever one of you has done a difficult task, or performed a deed of valor, I will give to him a bead of honor. To him who can make the fire, and make it quickly, I will give a bead. To him who can make a feast for us, I will give a bead; I will give a bead to any warrior, who can endure hardships, without flinching; who can sleep out on the frozen ground, and keep strong and well. I will give beads to all who through diligent effort, discover a way to help the great Kopohela tribe or any one of our tribe. The beads shall differ according to the tasks performed. And that warrior shall

be counted strongest, who wins the largest number of beads. 'Work, Health, Love,' shall be our cry!"

All the tribe were greatly pleased with their mighty chief, who had put new vigor into their bodies, and minds. Raising their right hands to heaven and placing the left over their lips, they gave a loud cry of assent. And the hills rang with the cry, and echo came sweeping back from the distant hills.

Then, when the sun was going to rest, and the sky was filled with red and gold, and many colors, the council ended. Tall warriors, strong and beautiful, went in all directions — some north, some south, some east, and some west, to their wigwams.

Weeks passed, and another mighty tribe found its way to the Monongahela Valley and the West Virginia hills. This tribe was called "Wacanda," and Iyan, was its chief.

Now when these strange red men began to roam over the hills, and through the valley, Ahwe looked on them suspiciously. Great was his wonder, why they had come.

While he watched this tribe, and his wonder grew, yet another tribe, Koloiga, came to this same place. Its leader, Etoile, had a friendly face and manner, so Ahwe trusted him.

After a few weeks had passed, and the snow had melted off the ground; when the air grew warm and pleasant; when the grass began to make the hills green, and springtime flowers seemed not far off; when the first robin sang his song — came the tribe Ohiyesa, with its brave chief Onatoga.

One day, three visitors came to Ahwe's wigwam, they were the three powerful chiefs — Iyan, Etoile, and Onatoga. They had come to see if Ahwe's tribe were friendly toward their tribes.

They talked over the work, each chief telling what his tribe stood for. It was the same—"Work, Health, Love!" The chiefs were well pleased, and each one saw that the others were good; so they agreed to work together. Then all four smoked the pipe of peace, and Iyan, Etoile and Onatoga went home.

That night, the word went out that three days hence, there would be a great festival of tribes: Kopohela, Wacanda, Koloiga, and Ohiyesa.

Great were the festivities, when all the warriors of the four tribes gathered together on the banks of the Monongahela. It lasted three days. All day long, they fished and hunted. All night long, they danced around a camp fire, with the stars and the yellow moon overhead.

When the festival was over, the warriors returned to their wigwams quietly, and to this day, the four tribes dwell happily together, busy with honor beads — at peace with each other and the whole world.

D. E. K.

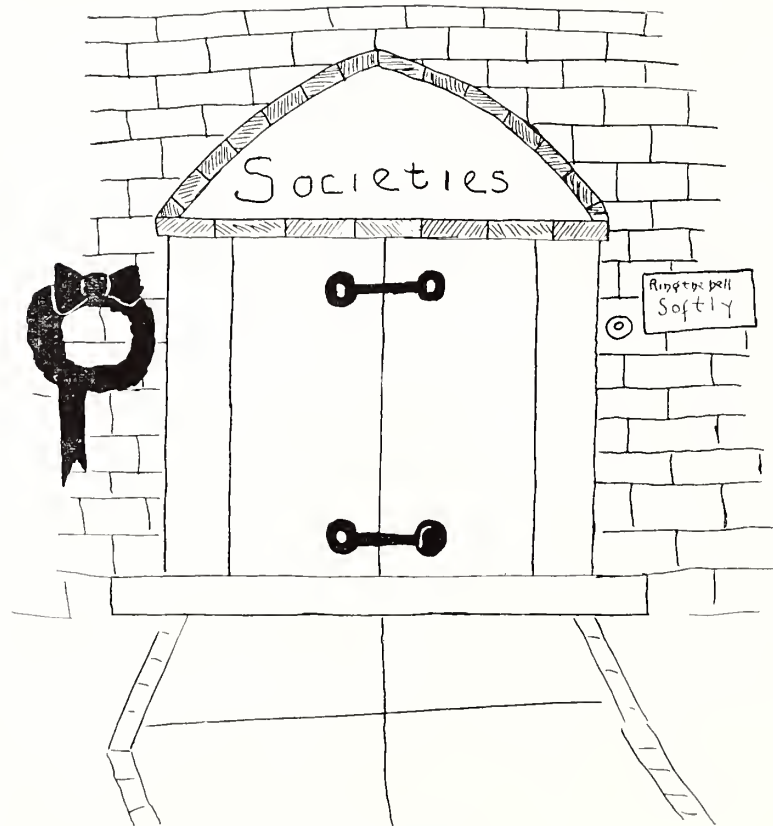


The Camp Fire Girls

The organization known as the Camp Fire Girls was formed to meet in some measure two almost universal needs among girls. Every girl knows how soon the daily routine of dish washing, sweeping, dusting, cooking, can become a thing of monotony, however important such work may be; every girl knows that she ought to be acquainting herself with the larger social and civic movements, preparing herself to become a force in establishing higher standards of living in her community. One of the large phases of The Camp Fire purpose endeavors to cast a glow of romance over the every-day task, and make it possible to connect the girl with the knowledge and the opportunity for social activity.

The other department of the work recognizes the deep-seated love for the out-of-doors, the refining and wholesome effect of acquaintance with the things of nature; and so puts a premium upon the doing of those things that will put the sunshine and the love for all nature in the heart of the girl.

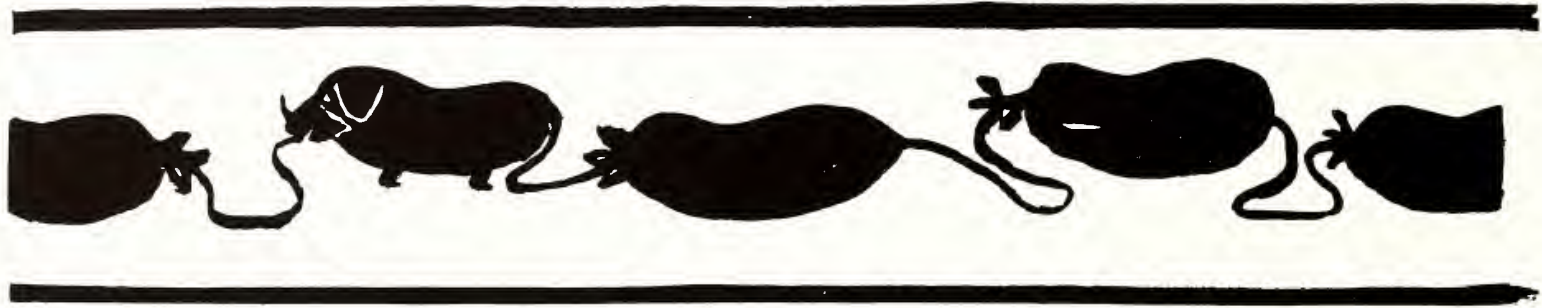




SECRET SOCIETIES

School Life





Beim Deutschen Tisch

Die Deutschstudierenden wollten zusammen sitzen, damit sie Konversation auf Deutsch führen könnten. Fraulein McConnell erlaubte es ja gütig, und reservierte dafür einen Tisch, wo nur diejenigen, die an der deutschen Konversation Teil nehmen wollten, sitzen sollten.

Da geht es oft ja ganz fidel zu. Die Damen nehmen es ja freilich nie übel, wenn sie wegen eines Fehlers ausgelacht werden. Wenn es ausserordentlich lustig zugeht, so versucht der Herr Lebhaft, der gegenüber bei Frau Gibsens Tisch sitzt, etwas Holländisches hinzuzufügen. Man findet es doch besonders komisch, wenn wir alle zu gleicher Zeit das verwünschte deutsche "r" trillern wollen.

Jetzt hören wir gern bei uns eine männliche Stimme. Der Herr Brake, der neulich zu uns gekommen ist, bat um einen Platz beim deutschen Tisch. Fraülein Keyser bekam den Ehrenplatz und verbessert was falsch gesagt wird.

Folgende essen beim besten Tisch im Speisesaal.

Caddie Mathew	Bertha Dilgard	Laura White
Laetazelle Snyder	Marjorie Ross	Mr. Brake
Arma Bing	Mary Barrett	Miss Keyser
	Frank Goff	



A SCENE IN THE DORMITORY



DORMITORY PARLOR

A Day in the Dormitory

"Almost breakfast time, did you say? Why, I did not hear the bell. Oh dear, I'm so sleepy, I feel as though I had just gone to sleep. Well, we might as well get up. No one could sleep with all this noise."

"My goodness, there's the first bell, hurry, hurry quick!"

"Oh, I can't find my shoes, where did I put them?"

"Here's my bedroom slippers; wear them. No one will ever notice."

"Well, I can't get my hair up. Did anybody see my breakfast cap? Girls, girls, who'll lend me a cap? Mine is gone. Oh, there's that bell!"

Breakfast over at last, comes the chorus:

"Who's got my Geometry?" "Are you through with my History?" "Is the escape open?" "Say, if I get any mail, slip it over, won't you?" "Well, I call it mean that we have to go round." "Is it raining?" "Well, if I die of cold Mrs. Gibson can just blame herself and Mr. Woodley." "I don't see any use having a fire escape if we can't use it." "Say, is that clock fast?" "It's a quarter after eight by it." "What! the bell has rung?" "Well, you never know what time it's going to ring. I come the same time every morning, and some times the door's not unlocked."

"It must be time for lunch. Has the bell rung?" "What do you suppose we'll have—baked beans and potato salad?"

"Just as I thought—beans and salad. Miss Eaton, may I be excused?" "Oh, I wish it were 3:30."

Three-thirty at last and muscles and feelings relax.

"Who's going up street?" "Can I borrow your coat?" "Who wants a midnight feast tonight?" "Say, what did you do in that agricultural test?"

"Oh, flunked, I suppose. I wish agriculture had never been heard of, anyhow. What do we care about degradation and Jerseys and butterflies and patent churns. If I get through with a 'D,' I'll be happy."

"Who's got the water on?" "Say, Louise, turn it on for me, when you get through, won't you?" "Well I was going to dress for dinner but I'm too tired. I'll have to wear this dirty middy, again."

Everyone in the dining room with no means of escape, Mr. Woodley wishes to make an announcement. "Girls, I greatly regret that events have necessitated my speaking of this matter. I always like to give the girls all the liberties possible. But from now on it will be considered absolutely a great offense for any girl to speak to a young man more than twice a week. I have tried to be just to every one, but matters have reached the point, where I feel that this is the only right course of action. I hope I need not mention this again."

"Well, I call that the limit." "If I have to be tied down like that, I'll leave the Dormitory."

"Say, Mrs. Gibson, may I go to the post office?"

"No, it's seven o'clock now. Go to your room," and the sound of the bell sends the girls in every direction.

A half hour later the door of room 23 opens softly. "Where's Oma?" asks Audrey. "Out at Lulu's room," comes the reply, but as

she turns to leave she is confronted with the words, "What are you doing out of your room? I'm going to report third floor tomorrow. I simply will not have such carrying-on. Tomorrow night I am going to bring up my chair and sit out in the hall."

"Ten o'clock, it's recreation — say, girls, it's recreation — let's sing."

The music begins, but is suddenly brought to a stop by, "Girls,

girls, don't make so much noise. Go to your rooms, I want to go to bed early tonight."

"Lights out," comes the call, and here and there a button clicks until finally all is darkness; and the girls fall asleep to dream,

"Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,

And cabbages, and rings"— with no doubt, an occasional test or "squelching" thrown in.

L. M. W., '15

Suggestions to New Dorm Girls

- (1) If you are cold, look out the window and see the fire escape.
- (2) Do not use tacks to hang pennants; chewing gum is better.
- (3) Sweep the dirt under your roommate's bed; it's quicker.
- (4) Take matches from the laundry; it's cheaper.
- (5) Wear your best clothes first, so folks will know you've got them.

- (6) To open knobless doors and drawers, use button hooks; tried and approved.
- (7) For a can opener, use scissors.
- (8) A shoe horn makes an excellent spoon; ask any old girl.
- (9) If in need of curlers, borrow.
- (10) Bring an extra blanket to warm the radiator.





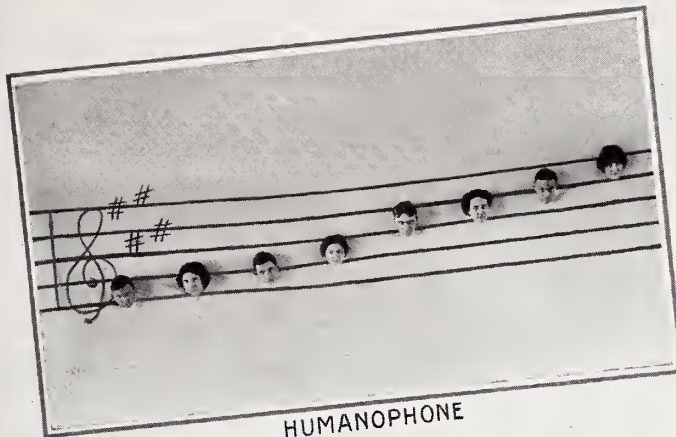
Nonsense Club

Normal Auditorium, Thursday, March 12th

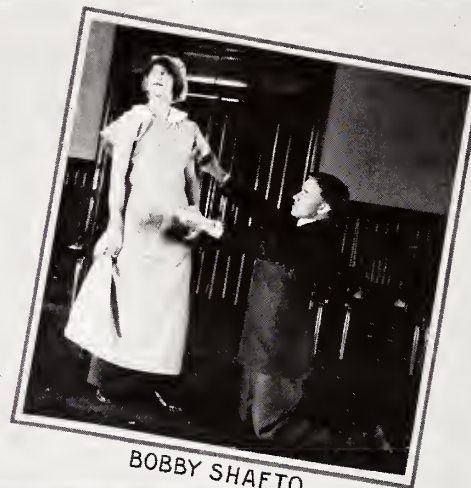
8 O'clock P. M.

PROGRAM

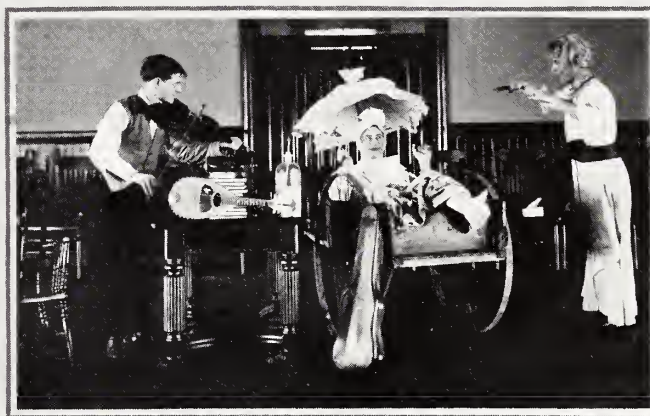
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| <p>I. Signor Martinelli Martini's Mellifluous Merry-Makers:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. The Village Choir.2. Bobby Shafto.3. Humanophone (first time in America).4. Sharley's Proposal (first time).5. Jolly Jonathan.6. The Professor at Home. <p>II. The Children's Hour:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Main Performance.2. Encore. <p>Given under the personal direction of Mlle. Jessica Icais.</p> | <p>III. Grand Opera, "Babes in the Woods" in three scenes.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Written, Staged and Produced by Herr Oskar Holzleigh.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Scene 1. To be seen and not heard.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Scene 2. To be heard and not much seen.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">Scene 3. To be seen and heard.</p> <p>IV. Looking Backward, or The World Turning Around—
Fraulein Stalnaker and Fraulein Essen, Managers.</p> <p>V. The Musical Family, Introducing The Infant Prodigy
—By Special Permission des Kaisers.</p> <p style="padding-left: 40px;">A couple of your old friends will appear between each section of this program. Look out for them.</p> |
|---|---|



HUMANOPHONE



BOBBY SHAFTO



THE MUSICAL FAMILY

THE NONSENSE CLUB

An Irrational History of the Nonsense Club

"What folly I commit, I dedicate to you."—Shakespeare.

There comes a time in all men's lives when over them steals an uncontrollable impulse to make fools of themselves; this impulse is oftentimes subconscious, and the subject obeys its commands utterly in ignorance of the pitiful spectacle that he presents.

It is a sad, sad thing indeed when this impulse descends on a number of persons at once. There are many places in our land where such conditions exist, and it is said that even the keepers rarely become hardened to the pathetic sight.

To some infinitely wise and unutterably learned persons is given the power to recognize the symptoms of this terrible malady; and as we have several such persons in this school, they almost simultaneously recognize the signs that precede this dire affliction. And horror of horrors! They were developing in every one of The Student Body, with the exception, of course, of Mr. Danser.

A consultation was held among these superhuman beings mentioned above; and from a close comparison of their observations, they found that the outbreak was due on or about the evening of March 11th. The mere thought of the terrible consequences resulting from a simultaneous outbreak of this malady in the school well nigh appalled them, when lo! the most supremely miraculous one of this preternatural group of "superhumans," came forward with a suggestion that was received by the assembled dignitaries, as little short of a godsend. Thereupon it was agreed that a club should be formed, whose object should be the giving of an entertainment, which would create a legitimate outlet for their (The Student Body's) concentrated foolishness.

However, a gloom was thrown over the assembly when a little man bearing shining proof of studious inclinations, rose and stated it as his opinion, that this project, if presented to The Student Body, as a whole, would by them, be considered a reflection on their (The Student Body's) profound gravity (which, by the way, they are very proud of, and guard with jealous care). After this statement, the truth of which they all realized, the above mentioned most Wonderful One again bent his incomparable intellect to the task, and as usual, brought forth a solution.

In substance it was this: They, the Student Body were to do this thing apparently of their own free will, but in reality, he The Wonderful One, was having them do it. (This was the first time that he had used this plan, excepting on vacation periods.) In addition, it was decided that they would call it an athletic benefit, in order its true purpose would not have to be made known; thereby avoiding a great deal of humiliation, and also some unnecessary annoyances, caused by agents soliciting orders for straight-jackets, and padding for cells. It was further suggested that some of the assembled members of this supernatural group should descend from the Olympian Heights whereon they were wont to congregate, and mingle with the unfortunate wretches in the time of their great affliction.

Therefore, it was announced to a grave, decorous student body that a Nonsense Club had been organized; but that it had been dissected, and the different divisions were under the supervision of members of the high and mighty ones; i. e. the Faculty. (This idea

of division was suggested in the hope that by the isolation of groups affected with the same variation of the malady, it might be made less virulent, and in addition, a recovery be effected the more expeditiously.)

At first those in the more advanced stages of the disease joined these groups; but as the fateful eleventh of March drew near, one after another began developing more advanced symptoms, and immediately joined.

This division of the Club into groups, was really a grand thing. All those who inclined to idiocy were, while in the throes of this impulse, consigned to "The Village Choir"; some people thought this was done on account of the peculiar fitness of the organizer of the choir, for that kind of work. Permit me to state, however, that it was for no such reason. The thoughts of others while in this pitiable condition, turned to the days of childhood, when they had whiled away many golden hours in the labored perusal of exciting adventures, as chronicled by Mother Goose; so they imagined themselves Babes in the Woods; while others, in whom the paternal instinct was strong, set out to seek them. Others in the delirium, imagined themselves to be going to sea, with buckles on their knees,

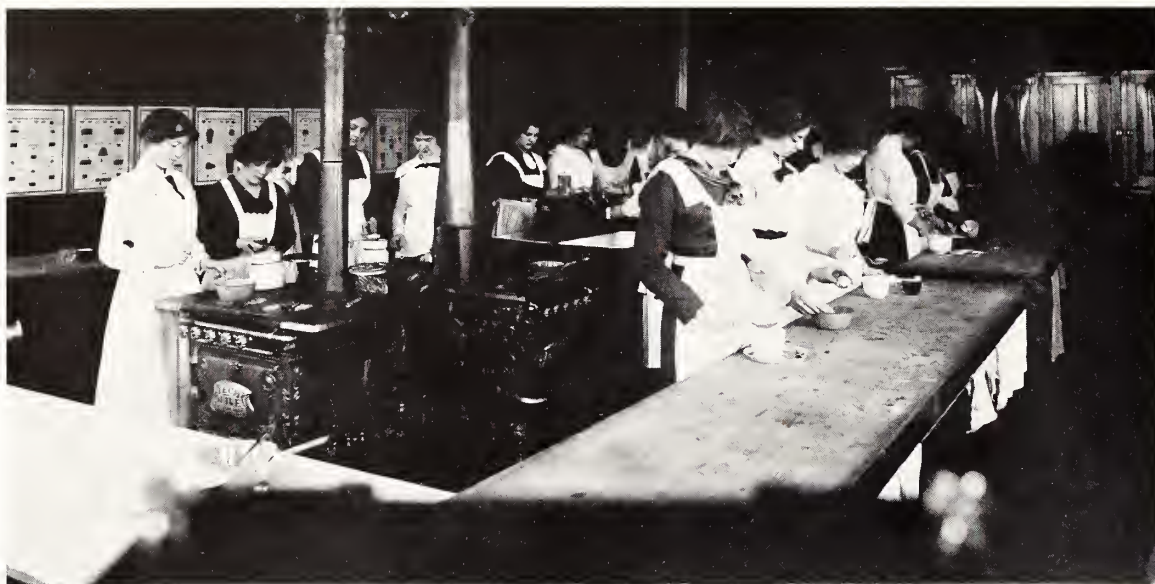
to spite some fair maiden, who, on their return, imagined that she could get along very nicely with one who had sailed the briny deep. Another, who was a natural Mutt, sought for himself a Jeff, and they cavorted gracefully together.

Another weak-minded bunch, their thoughts turning naturally to childish things, played again the games of infancy. Another, whose mind is generally supposed to be of the highest caliber, shattered this supposition by publicly appearing as the inventor of a melancholy musical combination, which he apologetically informed the public was a "humanophone," whatever this might be. Then last, a pitiable trio appeared, whose minds had become unbalanced by a too close perusal of the comic supplements containing pictorial representations of the connubial bliss enjoyed by Mr. Newlywed and his wife, together with that most wonderful of infant prodigies, "Skook-ems."

As will have been noticed, the historian's foolish spell came a little late; which was fortunate, for he was thus enabled to record it (The Nonsense Club Entertainment) in the same spirit in which it was given.

S. A.





GIRLS' COOKING CLASS

Domestic Science

The course in domestic science seeks to stimulate an interest in the home, giving to those who take it a higher ideal of home life and such training as will be of use to every girl.

The aim is to handle the subject in such a way as to encourage thinking. At nearly every lesson some typical food is studied, and the ideas gained in the discussion of its source, properties, use and preparation are impressed upon the minds of the pupils by practical work.

Every lesson affords opportunity of emphasizing economy. Thoughtful spending is encouraged when food value and cost are compared, special attention being paid to making the simple, inexpensive foods attractive and nourishing.

One of the chief aims is to form habits of neatness and cleanliness. There is enough work incidental to cooking to give considerable practice in actual housekeeping. The pupils care for the equipment as much as possible. This is accomplished by a system of dividing the work so that each girl has a definite share, and each duty is taken in turn by the members of the class.

This year of 1913-1914 we have had four cooking classes, one-half hour time, thereby getting one-half unit credit. The special feature has been the class in Camp Cooking for boys. Much interest has been manifested in the work and we feel that we have taken a step in the right direction.



THE GIRLS' SEWING CLASS

Domestic Art

The sewing classes established this year, as part of the Domestic Art Department, have proved popular among the girls in school. The courses have been planned to meet the desires of the girls making up the classes, and have

included the fundamental stitches, muslin sewing, adaptation of patterns, designing, study of textiles, developing throughout all the work the idea of sewing as an art.





BOYS' COOKING CLASS

Operetta

To be Given Commencement Week

CASTE

Miles Standish.....	Leo Shircliff	Katonka	Bertha Dilgard
John Alden.....	Robert Smith	Mercy	Neva Currey
Elder Brewster.....	Shannon Allen	Charity	Edna Miller
Erasmus.....	Louis J. Jacobs	Patience	Josephine Twyman
Wattawamut.....	Willie B. Holden	Mary	Edith Snyder
Pecksuot	Leigh Hustead	Martha	Gwendolen Hanley
Richard.....	Lads of the Colony	Hester	Ruth Phillips
Stephen.....		Ruth	Eva P. Bishop
Gilbert			
Priscilla	Elizabeth Posten	Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Squaws, Puritan Men and Maidens.	

ATHLETICS



Boom a la a chick a la a
Sis boom bah
Fairmont Normal
Rah! Rah! Rah!

Athletic Association

ALOYS B. STENGER.....President
 LEIGH HUSTEADVice-President
 GRACE VAN HORN.....Secretary and Treasurer
 J. R. HULL.....Doorkeeper

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

President O. I. Woodley.....Faculty Representative
 Ruth Phillips } Senior Representatives
 Dillon P. Baughman..... }
 Pearl Cork } Junior Representatives
 Charles E. Hupp..... }
 Bertha Dilgard } Sophomore Representatives
 Earl Clancy }
 Radle Herndon } Freshman Representatives
 Russel Hustead }

MANAGERS

J. H. Colebank.....Football, '13
 J. R. Hull.....Football, '14
 Ivanhoe ArnettBasket Ball, '14
 Greenland FedererBasket Ball, '15
 Margaret Hall(Girls') Basket Ball, '14
 Aloys B. Stenger.....Baseball, '14
 "Zeke" DavisBaseball, '15
 Dillon P. Baughman.....Track Team, '14
 Robert G. Smith.....Cheer Leader
 Junius K. Musser.....Asst. Cheer Leader



ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE OFFICERS



FOOT-BALL

Football

The 1913 football squad represented The Normal as well as any former squad in the history of the school. However, at the beginning of the season the team was handicapped by being practically half composed of new material. But, under the competent coaching of Mr. Earnest Bell, formerly a W. V. U. player and an alumnus of this school, the raw material was soon put in form and a fast team was developed. Later the team suffered another blow when Watkins, our strong center, left school, but his place was admirably filled by Davis, familiarly known as "Zeke."

We met defeat again this year at the hands of D. and E. College, but the score was considerably lower than in former years. Waynesburg College, our old enemy, also defeated our team by a small score on Thanksgiving Day, but we had defeated her the previous year, and so she was only getting even. This year we met and defeated the fast

Clarksburg Scholastics. We had also scheduled a game with the strong Staats team at Wheeling, but the second game was cancelled.

While the percentage of games won is not so high, yet we made nearly as many points as did our opponents combined.

In the main, our team was light; yet, what it lacked in weight, it made up in skill and fast playing. Colebank was at his best this year and played a strong game. Laulis and Clancy, at the ends, were very fast, getting many a long pass or breaking up those of the opposing team. The backfield, protected by the strong line in front of them, made several successful and sensational plays that will never be forgotten by those acquainted with the game. Next season we hope to have even a better team than this year.

Football

THE TEAM

Name	Position
Laulis, Capt.	Left End
Clancy	Right End
Ice	Left Tackle
Vincent-Mauzy	Left Guard
Smith	Right Guard
Watkins-Davis	Center
Stenger	Quarter
Chambers-Garret	Left Half
Arnett-Kennedy	Right Half
Colebank, Mgr.	Full Back

SUBS

Underwood	Guard
Shafer	Guard
Kessel	Guard

GAMES

<i>At Home</i>				<i>Abroad</i>			
D. and E. College.....	25	Normal.....	0	D. and E. College.....	20	Normal.....	10
Shinnston High	0	Normal.....	35	Glenville	9	Normal.....	9
Clarksburg Scholastics ..	0	Normal.....	7	Clarksburg Scholastics ..	0	Normal.....	10
Waynesburg College	6	Normal.....	0				



FOOTBALL SQUAD



J. H. COLEBANK



LEMM MUSTEAD



FRANK ICE



ZACHARIAH DAVIS



IVAN HOLMSET



LEO SHIRCLIFF



DAVID ALBRECHT



E. A. SMITH

FIRST TEAM

Basket Ball

THE TEAM

Forwards.....Colebank and Davis
 Guards.....Kennedy and Arnett
 Center Ice

SUBS

Hustead, Shirecliff and Laulis

"MIDGET" TEAM

Forwards..... Smith and Watkins
 Guards.....Whaley and Hawkins
 Center Chambers

SUBS

Clancy and Baughman

THE GAMES

Abroad

Fairview High	8	Normal.....	34
Elkins Y. M. C. A.....	12	Normal.....	35
Davis & Elkins.....	27	Normal.....	22
Oakland Collegians.....	24	Normal.....	30
Shepherds College	14	Normal.....	20
Salem College	47	Normal.....	17
M. S. B. C.	31	Normal.....	29
Captain		Kennedy	
Manager		Arnett	

At Home

Alumni	22	Normal.....	11
California Normal.....	15	Normal.....	27
Glenville Normal	18	Normal.....	25
Salem College	21	Normal.....	33
M. S. B. C.	27	Normal.....	24
Davis & Elkins.....	26	Normal.....	28
Grafton Y. M. C. A.....	17	Normal.....	47
Fairmont High	22	Normal.....	29

Basket Ball

The past season has been one of the most successful seasons in basket ball that the Normal has ever experienced. Even before the season opened, there was much comment among the boys, regarding the prospects as compared to past years. Never before in her history did the Normal have more, or better material, to choose from. The first of the season was a little dark because we had some difficulty in finding a floor to play on. Our gymnasium had been taken for library purposes, and we had failed to secure the local Armory; the situation was doubtful and caused much dissatisfaction. However, we finally succeeded in obtaining the local Y. M. C. A. floor, thus securing for us not only an excellent place to play our games, but also a floor to practice on.

When a practice period was announced, nearly a score of "huskies" came out in full uniform to contest for their places on the team, and it was not until the third game had been played that the "five" could be chosen. Kennedy was elected captain, and with himself and Arnett for guards, Davis and Colebank for forwards, and Ice, center, we had a team that not only won many games, but played good strong basket ball right in line with some of the best teams of the state.

INDIVIDUAL

Kennedy was one of the star guards of '11; but being unable to forget F. S. N. S. memories, he returned, and became one of the fellows again. He is an excellent guard and a good passer. He always knows where the ball is coming down, and never lets the other fellow get it. Besides, he was an excellent captain and deserves much credit for the success of the team.

Arnett showed up well in the beginning of the season and increased in speed throughout the year. It was largely through his energies, too, that so fine a schedule of games was arranged. He is

a good "passer," a good shot and possesses many other elements that go to make up a good player. We predict a brilliant record for him next year.

Colebank played this year with his usual strength and skill. It is always safe to pass to "Cole" under any circumstances, for he always gets away with the ball. He is a senior, and we regret that he will not be with us next year; but we rest assured that he will be heard from, no matter what school he attends.

Ice is that tall, broad-shouldered fellow that always gets there. He is a good jumper, and can always be relied upon to take care of his man anywhere. When he gets under the basket with the ball, the scorer writes down two points, which statement is proven by his record of 49 field goals for the past season.

Davis is one of those fellows characterized as "fast." His guard has been known to entirely lose sight of him, but Davis never loses sight of the ball. When he gets to going he never stops until the scorer marks up a goal, and it is generally credited to "Zeke," as he is commonly called. "Zeke" is only a Junior and we are expecting great things of him next year.

Laulis is a good shot and an excellent man to break up passes. He got his training in this work on the football field, where he is also a sure and fast man. With a little more experience he will be up with the most of them.

Shircliff came to us from the local High School, where he got most of his basket ball training. He is small, but makes up for his size in speed. He is a fast man and will doubtless be a regular next year.

Hustead is a good floor man and a good tosser. He played in several games this year, and with much credit to himself. He is an excellent foul shooter, and with another year's growth and experience, will be a good strong player.



October Morn

"Your 'Gym' shoes is all you will need"

(Extract from the speech of Arnett
B.B. Mgr.)



"MIDGET" TEAM



GIRLS' BASKET BALL SQUAD



THE TEAM

Girls' Basket Ball

The girls' basket ball season opened with only two of last year's players, Van Horn and Hall, back in their old positions. However, these, together with Miller and Parker from the local High School, and Kennedy from Mannington High School, constituted a strong line-up.

Manager Hall experienced quite a little trouble in scheduling games on account of the scarcity of girls' teams in the state.

The second team, composed of Phillips, Posten, Furbee, Billingslea, Moore, and McKinney, kept the first team constantly in fear of losing their places, so it may be said that the faithfulness and loyalty of the second team made the success of the first team possible.

The teams were efficiently coached by Leigh Hustead.

INDIVIDUAL

Cecil is one of the best little forwards that ever represented our school. She won much praise for the team because of her good nature: she always came up with a smile. This, together with her agility and persistence, has made for her a brilliant record as a basket ball player. We shall hear from her next year.

Grace has represented the Normal team for four years, and her success is largely due to her very great love for athletics. As a forward, she has had her share in this year's success; as captain, she may well be proud of her team.

Edna came in this year from the local High School. She has done admirable work on the team and her willingness and confidence has made her indispensable as a center. She never lacked courage even when she came up against the Salem center. As Edna is a junior, we predict a brilliant season for her next year.

Margaret, the star guard from last year's team, has kept up her record equally as well this year. Her playing is always marked by strength and fairness. Her leaving this year will be quite a loss to the team. As manager, she discharged her duties faithfully and admirably.

Stella gave entire satisfaction as a guard. She is strong and a good passer. She is always in her place, and the forward that gets a basket from her has to work for it. Stella also leaves the team this year, and the loss of such a guard greatly cripples the team.

THE LINE UP

First Team		Position	Second Team	
Kennedy	Forward	McKinney	Miller	Center
Van Horn	Forward	Moore	Hall	Guard
	Parker	Guard		Billingslea
				Posten and Furbee
				Phillips

GAMES

<i>At Home</i>			<i>Abroad</i>		
Salem	13	Fairmont	Jane Lew	14	Fairmont
		16	Salem	16	Fairmont
					26
					12



SENIOR BASKET BALL TEAM



JUNIOR TEAM



THE SOPHOMORE TEAM



FRESHMAN TEAM

The Teams

Senior Basket Ball Team

Hustead, Smith, Baughman.....	Forwards
Chambers	Center
Whaley, Swisher, Cornwell, Kessel.....	Guards
Smith	Captain
Baughman	Manager

Junior Basket Ball Team

Watkins	Forward, Captain
Halbritter	Forward
Hughes	Center
Wiles	Guard
Hawkins	Guard
Substitutes..... Snodgrass, Hevener,.....	Mgr., Federer

Sophomore Basket Ball Team

Thompson	Forward
Clancey	Forward
Watson	Center
Murray	Guard
Robinson	Guard
Substitutes.....	Martin, Shafer, Miller

Freshman Basket Ball Team

Hustead	Forward
Jacobs	Forward
Allen	Center
Swisher	Guard
Andre, Hayhurst	Guards

Baseball

Prospects for a fast team for the coming season are bright. Several of last year's men are back again, and are trying to hold down their old positions, but the "youngsters" have determined that they will have "to go some" in order to do so.

Some very fast material is being developed under the efficient direction of Coach Davis, a graduate of Oberlin College.

Several candidates are trying out for each position. Those trying out are: Barnes, Underwood, and Furbie for catcher. Barnes caught for the local High School last season, and Underwood played with the Tyler County High last year. Hull, Hevener and Carlin are trying out for pitchers. Hull is a hold-over, Hevener came to us from Salem College, while Carlin is an unknown quantity. Miller, from Broadbuddus Institute, and Chambers, a tall man built especially for the position, are trying out for first base. Two fast men are to be seen at second in Arnett and Clancy. Kennedy and Laulis are both promising candidates for short. Davis, who played short last year, is trying out for third and seems to have no opposition. Those trying for outfield positions are: Colebank, of last year's team, Murry, Hunt, Halbritter, Thompson, Jacobs and several others.

At present it is hard to tell who will be chosen to fill the various positions, as all the material looks promising.

Manager "Al." Stenger has prepared the following schedule, and a successful season is anticipated.

THE SCHEDULE

AT HOME

WAYNESBURG COLLEGE	APRIL 18
WEST LIBERTY NORMAL.....	APRIL 22
CALIFORNIA NORMAL	MAY 1
BROADBUDUS INSTITUTE	MAY 22
ALUMNI	JUNE 6

ABROAD

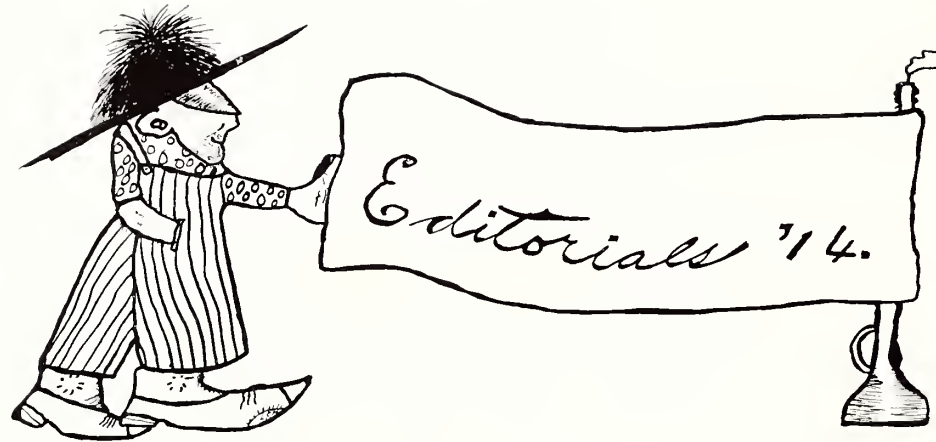
BROADBUDUS INSTITUTE, PHILLIPPI, W. VA.....	APRIL 24
DAVIS & ELKINS, ELKINS, W. VA.....	APRIL 25
WAYNESBURG COLLEGE, WAYNESBURG, PA.....	MAY 15
WEST LIBERTY NORMAL, WEST LIBERTY, W. VA.....	MAY 16
DAVIS & ELKINS, GRAFTON, W. VA.....	MAY 30







Literary



The New Site

Fairmont Normal School is to have a new home. The Board of Control has purchased twelve acres on Locust Avenue for it. The new site is a very commanding one, and will be centrally located when the larger Fairmont arrives.

On this new site it is proposed to erect six buildings—the main academic buildings, the girls' dormitory, the training school, boys' dormitory, industrial building and the gymnasium.

These will all have the same general style of architecture, and will be so generally placed as to give a fine artistic appearance, with a real architectural unity. The grounds will be developed after the plans of a landscape architect, and the whole, when completed will be a credit to the city and to the state.

A Strong Sentiment for the Old Site

Many citizens, alumni and former students, regret that the Normal School must be removed from its present location. Many delightful associations with grounds, halls and rooms, make them all near and dear to many.

Many Lyceumites will reluctantly leave the old room that has been the scene of so many mental combats. Many a loyal Mozarter will have a feeling of sadness as he leaves the scenes of Society work and mental development. All will miss the dear old Chapel, that has been the scene of so many mortal combats, where defeated, and successful heroes and heroines have been made.

The "Old Mound," with its tree, must also be left behind. This spot has been the scene of more Romeo heart throbs than any other spot about the school—hearts have beat faster, and some slower, from this point of vantage. Many will regret to abandon the "Old Mound."



NEW NORMAL "SIGHT"



Stories



The Little Woman

(Awarded first prize in story contest)

BY LOUISE RECTOR

She was dead. The coffin stood in the bare, cheerless room that seemed to the old toil-worn man who sat, a lonely pathetic figure, by the side of all that was mortal of the Little Woman, symbolic of her life, so bare had it been of luxuries. Deep gloom penetrated the room, which was lighted only by one little window through which the dim gray twilight crept. The ugliness of the bare floor and the dingy wall seemed made more apparent by the chill hopelessness that pervaded the atmosphere of that November evening. Outside the wind moaned ceaselessly through the pine trees; the rose bush shivered and sighed as her last leaf trembled, broke off shuddering, and rattled to the ground, only to be lifted again by the wind, and carried to the farthest corner of the yard, where it fell with those who had been its happy companions through the long beautiful summer, and then it lay quite still. The leaden sky seemed but a reflection of the dreary, lifeless attitude into which all nature seemed to have fallen.

In the deepening twilight the old man sat so motionless that he

seemed no more alive than the still form beside him. His head, with its shaggy gray hair, was bent dejectedly forward, his face was lined with the wrinkles of care, and of greed; for his hard, grim face told of a life spent solely for worldly gain—a life in which love and beauty had had no part, but whose ruling passion was the accumulation of wealth—and as the miser, who loves his gold for its glitter and jingle as he counts it over, gloats with almost fiendish delight as he adds piece by piece, while his desire for greater possessions increases with each gain, even so was he.

But now the expression had changed, his eyes were dim with anguish, his face was pitifully old and drawn; he had the look of one who suddenly has the veil lifted, sees his life in all its bare ugliness, devoid of the attributes of a beautiful character, and understands for the first time how completely he has failed in his interpretation of life. He wore the look of one who is living over again his whole life and sees more to condemn than to commend. Yes, that was what the grief-

stricken old man saw as he lived over all the years since he had first known the Little Woman. Bitter remorse filled his soul as the years rose up, silent witnesses against him.

Why it seemed only a few years—could it be fifty? since that night of the party at the Brown's where he had met her—he, a handsome, jolly lad of twenty; she, a sweet demure little lass of eighteen. If he should live to be as old as Methuselah, he could never forget the charming picture she made as she took her place beside him in the square dance—no, he had not forgotten after all, but the emptiness of those long years in which he had not once thought of it, came to him now like a blow. He could see her as plainly as if it had been yesterday. Her fresh young beauty set off by the simple little pink calico dress, her soft cheeks, flushed with health and happiness, the shining braids of brown hair wound about the shapely head, the lovely brown eyes glowing with suppressed excitement—yes, he recalled her now just as she had looked on that night when he had known she was the one girl in all the world for him. He lived over again the days of his impetuous, ardent wooing; he recalled her timidly expressed wish that the wedding might be put off until she could have the silk dress she had always wanted. He had not understood the natural cravings of a woman's heart for beautiful, dainty bridal clothes, and so he had objected to this delay, which to him seemed so foolish. He had told her it would not be long, if he were as prosperous as he hoped to be, until he could buy her as fine a silk dress as any girl would want; and after much persuasion, she had consented for she believed in him with all her heart; and to her, in the love which every woman has for her true knight, he was the embodiment of all that was good and brave and true.

So they were married in the little country church, and to him she could not have been lovelier had she been robed in a queen's silks and laces than she was in the plain white dress, whose simplicity adorned her girlish beauty. How happy they had been. He remembered that her happiness had been almost child-like, for her life had been full of hardships and privations, and she felt as if she were in a new world. She talked so much of the silk dress they were to purchase together in the city when the crops were sold; but he suddenly had a chance to purchase a few acres of the farm adjoining his, and, without waiting to consult the Little Woman, he had taken advantage of the opportunity. He could still see the quivering lips before the smile came to hide her disappointment, when he had said, "Well, we'll have to wait another year for the silk dress, I suppose, Little Woman, but perhaps we can get a finer one then, anyway. I couldn't let a chance like that ten-acre field slip by. It's worth three times the amount I paid"; and at the bitter recollection scalding tears ran down his withered cheeks. But it was a long time before the Little Woman mentioned the silk dress again; and though she was always cheerful her manner was not joyous as before, and there was the look of a wounded doe in the depths of the sweet brown eyes, that she tried not to let him see. The next year the new barn was to be paid for; and when he had said he didn't see how he was to manage about the silk dress with that barn costing so much, she had merely said she didn't mind waiting another year, she was used to waiting.

And so it went on; he, with masculine misunderstanding of a women's innate desire for dainty, beautiful things, wondering what on earth a farmer's wife wanted with a silk dress, she trying to crush the feelings that would arise when she thought of her disappointment, for

she wanted to believe that it was only because he did not understand. But the next year found her too happy in her new love to give the silk dress more than a passing thought. The old man laid his hand, made horny by toil, on the small wrinkled one that rested on the quiet heart that would throb no more; but there was no responsive pressure in the cold fingers, and the thought came to him that he could not recall a half dozen times in her life that he had seen those hands at rest. Then his mind went back to the days of John's babyhood. How happy she had been as she watched the development of the little life entrusted to her care! Her every thought had been for the child, and she had eagerly planned for him a life that should have every advantage she had been denied. Then, as the other children came, there was so much work, and just one woman to do it all, oh, why hadn't he seen it then as plainly as he did now? He had kept adding acre by acre to the farm, buying new farm implements that made his work easier, and yet not once did he make an investment that lightened the burdens of the Little Woman. Each year as his farm increased and his bank account grew, he became more engrossed in money making and his sole ambition seemed to be to add a little more to his bank account this year than he had last, and still more the next. But the old farm house remained as bare and ugly as when they had just moved in.

And so the years went on; the once slender form of the Little Woman grew bent with toil, the color faded from her cheeks, the brown eyes grew dim with a lifetime of disappointment, and the unutterable sadness of buried hopes was reflected in their depths, as she, patient and uncomplaining, worked from daylight until late at night that her children might enjoy the advantages she had missed. They must all be sent to college, but how different it was from her plans made years

before for her first child, her little John. In the dreams of that girl-mother, as she had crooned lullabies over his cradle and pictured his life as she would have it lived, there had been no place for this cool, calculating young lawyer, who called her "Mother," paid dutiful visits to the "old folks" once every year, and yet failed to understand the height and depth of mother love that shone for him in her faded eyes. It was on this child she had lavished such a world of affection, on his strong arm she had thought to lean in her declining years; yet he seemed to have forgotten the beauty-loving spirit of the little mother who used to lead him, when but a tiny chap, up to the hill top to watch the sunset and out to the woods to hunt the wild flowers of spring. Of course he loved his mother, but, he like the others failed to appreciate the beauty of her spirit; and she had died as she had lived, with her soul famishing for the beautiful things of earth. The children had not meant to neglect her, but they had all been blind to her greatest need; not even Mary, her little girl, her youngest child, had remembered her mother's love for beautiful things, a pitiful love, because they had been so rare in her life. Mary, though always a little girl to her mother, had been married several years and lived in a distant city. She had been home very little since she had started to college, for each vacation had been spent with some schoolmate, and since her marriage she had been home only twice. The other children were as selfish and negligent in their way, but the thoughtlessness of John and Mary hurt her most. She had always believed they would understand. But now it was too late. The old man gazed at the little bent figure lying so peacefully there; the wrinkles seemed to have been smoothed away, and on her face was the look of one who has realized her heart's desire, and is satisfied.

In the delirium of her last hours, she had gone back to the happy days when as a bride she had planned about the buying and making of the long desired silk dress. She would lovingly touch the quilt with her fingers, now so stiffened and calloused, and say, "You like this pink better, too, don't you, John? It's so soft and clinging." She would talk wildly about the new barn and the ten-acre field, then talk more of the silk dress, and then she would croon a lullaby to baby John, until at last she closed her weary eyes, and rest came.

The other children had been there a few days, but John and Mary did not come until late in the afternoon after she had died. When they were told of her last words, Mary would have it so, saying that they must make such reparation as they could, for it might be that she would understand they had not meant to be so cruel; and at last the Little Woman lay robed in soft, clinging gray silk. The lilac lining

of the casket shed a softening light over the pale features; the soft creamy lace at her throat and wrists added the last touch of beauty needed; and thus, after all those weary years, the Little Woman came into her own.

The door opened softly, and the painful vigil was ended. Subdued and reverent, John came into the room. In his arms he carried a bunch of velvety pink roses; and, selecting one half-blown, he knelt down and placed it in his mother's little, toil-worn, lifeless hand. The old man reached out a trembling hand and clasped that of his son over the cold, quiet heart of the Little Woman, and it seemed to them that the look on her face spoke understanding and forgiveness. The fragrance of the roses stole up into the air and filled the room, while outside the November wind moaned ceaselessly through the trees.

Leo and Cleo

(Awarded second prize in story contest)

BY CHAS. HUGHES

Leo was a tall, gaunt "boy," whose face looked older than it really was; but his talk was more babyish than manly. As he was going to church one summer morning, he recalled that Cleo had promised to be at church that day. He had been walking fast, but now he broke into a run, which increased as he ran, because he was thinking of her.

When he reached the church, several young men were standing about the yard talking. "Hello, Leo," they greeted. "Oh! don't look in at the window, she hasn't come yet."

Two boys, who were standing where they could see down the road, soon put their fingers to their mouths, and said, "Hist; there she comes now."

They all then moved over close to the wall, and remained perfectly still, but all had their eyes on the corner, where they knew she would next appear. Soon she came up; they all looked at her, but only Leo replied to her cheery "Good morning, boys."

As she walked into the church, Leo followed, and sat down by her.

"Don't she look sweet?" said one fellow. "Just as sweet as a peach and just as good as an angel. Her brown eyes seem to make a fellow love her. And I don't think Old Nick could harm her if he wanted to."

"Yes," said another, "if I could be in Leo's place I would be more happy than I am. What can that big 'baby' want with her? Of course he is all right, but he is such a funny fellow."

Leo and Cleo sat together during church. They did not talk much, for their thoughts were not on the sermon. He was trying to make up some excuse for going to his grand-parents again that day, and she was wondering if he could make up his mind to go.

At last church was over, and Leo had decided that he could not let Cleo go home alone. As soon as the preacher pronounced the benediction, Leo went to his father and said, "I am going to grandma's, I don't know when I'll be back."

The father said nothing, but looked after his son as he disappeared down the road.

It was about two miles to his grandmother's, where the girl worked. They walked very slowly and it was almost noon when they reached there.

"I must hurry and help get dinner," said Cleo, as they reached the house.

He was perfectly at home and walked into the main room to wait. It was a large room, papered with large flowered designs. A few pictures hung on the walls. A large clock stood in one corner and a small one on the mantel. There were also some half dozen watches hanging over the mantel. An elderly man was sitting before the fireplace winding a great silver-plated watch.

"How do you do, Leo?" he said. "How's all the folks over home?"

"Oh, they're all right except mamma, she has the tooth-ache, and won't have 'em pulled."

"Well, grandma has neuralgia and can hardly get around, but Cleo would go to church, no matter what happened."

About half after twelve, dinner was ready and all went into the kitchen. There was Cleo, not dressed as she had been at church, but wearing a blue calico dress and white apron. She was perspiring, and mopped her forehead with her apron.

After dinner was over and the things cleared away, Leo proposed a walk. Cleo was willing, and they started out across the fields. They came at last to a high cliff and sat down on a log to admire the scenery.

Directly in front of them was the jagged cliff. Large stones were piled promiscuously about. Several oak and linden trees clung to the steep slope, and all about were laurel clumps now in full bloom.

Across the hollow, some fifty yards away and on the same level

with them, was a great rock about thirty feet across and twenty feet high. Beyond this could be seen a field of potatoes.

"That field of potatoes belongs to Alfred Jones, doesn't it?" asked Leo.

"Yes," was all she said.

As they were talking, a young man came across the potato field and climbed up on the big rock. He was about twenty-five years old and looked very muscular. He wore no coat nor tie, and had his sleeves rolled to the elbows, showing tanned fore-arms. He sat there, his feet hanging over the edge of the rock, seemingly in deep thought.

"I wonder why Alfred Jones is sitting there alone," said Leo.

"I don't know," said Cleo, blushing, for she was thinking that Alfred could now afford to get married.

"I wish I didn't have to work so hard," she said after a while. "If I didn't have to work so hard, I could have more time to study and read."

"I wish so too, Cleo," and his thoughts were away at his work. He thought of the ten acres of corn to hoe, of the filth to cut, of the orchard to spray, and of the twenty-six cents in his pocket.

They went to the house in a little while. She wanted him to stay for supper, but he said, "No, I'll 'half to' go home. I will have the milking and feeding to do."

Late that evening they were all sitting on the front porch, when Alfred Jones came up. They all greeted him; "Here, Alfred, take a chair," said Mrs. Bell.

"No, thank you, I'll sit here in the porch swing with Cleo," said he.

This was surely a surprise, both to the girl and the older folks.

He conversed with the family on general subjects for some time, then finally turned his attention entirely to the girl.

Soon the older folks went one by one into the house, and left the young people alone.

"Cleo, I've been noticing how hard you have to work, and I've got settled down now. I have all the cooking and farm work to do, and

it is too hard, I want some one to help me. Could you do it?"

"I don't know. Mr. Bell has been good to me. I don't like to leave him. How much would you pay me a week?" she asked.

"O Cleo! I don't mean that way. I mean I love you, and want you to marry me."

Poor Cleo! She was taken aback. She had not thought of such a thing. "But," she said, "this is so sudden, why, I didn't even know you knew me."

"Well, I haven't known you very long; but, will you marry me?"

"Yes, I suppose I can," she said, thinking of Leo. "He don't love me or he would have asked me today," she thought.

He did not even kiss her, as she had imagined he would, but only said as he prepared to leave, "I'll get the license, and we can be married next Sunday."

Next morning she sent a note to Leo. It read like this:

"Alfred Jones was here last night and he asked me to marry him. We are to be married next Sunday. Cleo."

Imagine Leo's thoughts as he read these few words. "I'll never go near them," he said aloud, with a half sob.

He was much annoyed at this note and resolved to leave the community and try to ease the dull aching of his heart.

After a long time he met Cleo again at church. He had now mastered his feelings, and could talk to her of things at home. She had her little boy and her sister with her. After church she asked him if he would not walk to his grandmother's with her, as she had something she wanted to tell him.

"Do you know, Leo, I have always been sorry I was so rash in my acceptance of Alfred. I have not been happy with him. He never seemed to love me. I never loved him, but I tried to be a true wife to him. I'm sorry I cannot make amends for my wrong to you."

"O Cleo! That's all right, and if ever you want help, you know who used to think of you."

CHAS. HUGHES.

Why?

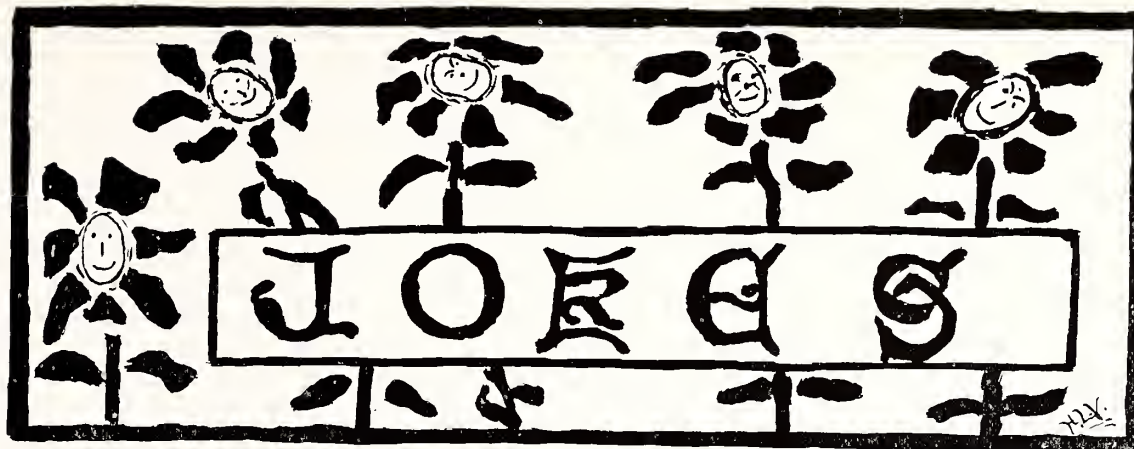
(Awarded third prize in story contest)

One sunny afternoon late in August, an old man leaning painfully on his cane and hobbling slowly along, climbed the steep hill above the road; and pausing under a group of old trees, sat down to rest. After a short time he seemed to recognize the place, for he was mumbling to himself: "There is that rock I used to sit on, and there is the tree where I used to swing." And he went on naming the different places of interest to himself, and his face lit up and he smiled. He arose slowly and walked to the spring to get a drink; but the water was dried up and the springhole was filled with leaves and sticks. Disappointed, he turned slowly away, raising his hand to hide his trembling chin, for he was so tired and thirsty, and it was still so far to the poorhouse. He sat down again, leaning against one of the trees; and sitting there, he thought of his childhood.

He remembered the many times he had come here with his

brothers and sisters for picnics; and the many hours he had spent alone under this same tree, building air castles of a happy future. And the tears ran down his wrinkled cheeks. He remembered the day he cut his initials higher on the old oak tree than anyone else could; and he had not forgotten the shy and proud look his little sweetheart had given him. In those days this place seemed to him like a fairyland, and everything was beautiful and young. Now, the trees were old and dying, the spring was dried up, and everything looked neglected and barren.

It grew dusk, and the sinking sun seemed to throw a halo about the old man; but he did not move. The stars came out, but he could not see them; and the moon looked pityingly down on the quiet, motionless form of the lifeless old man.



Senior Jingles

A is for Arnett, our basket ball star,
 B is for Berry, our best writer by far,
 C is for Cornwell with cheeks like a rose,
 Who takes Miss Vera wherever he goes.
 D is for Danser, gentle and kind,
 Who steps quite lively and makes the boys mind.
 E is for Edna, her last name is Tierney,
 Who's always remarking, "Now, isn't that silly?"
 F is for Frank, Mauzy and Ice,
 Hear the girls say, "Don't they look nice?"
 G is for great, which we all hope to be;
 H is for Henry, happy is she.
 I is for Ice, our Senior so bright,
 Who always does things perfectly right.
 J is for June, when we hope to get through—
 Will we be glad, or will we be blue?
 K is for Kessel, our manager sweet,
 L is for Laulis, who's hard to beat,
 M is for "Marge," so tidy and nice,
 Who even in summer is ever with Ice.
 N is for Neva, who is rather small,
 But some folks say that doesn't matter at all.
 O is for Olive, who stands in the Hall

Talking to the man she loves best of all;
 P is for Powell, who is always late,
 But in spite of it all will be something great.
 Q is for questions asked in exams,
 But woe be to him, the student who crams.
 R is for romance, 'tis not an exceptional rule
 To have quite a number here in this school.
 S is for Swisher, and Stenger too,
 Without the "dear girls" what would they do?
 T is for Thorn, so quiet and still,
 Who never is bad, but works with a will.
 U is for us, the Seniors, you know,
 What will you do whenever we go!
 V is for Vera, Cornwells' pride,
 Oh, hasten the day when she'll be his bride.
 W is for Wilson, wonderful girl,
 A jewel so rare, in fact quite a pearl.
 X is for something so hard to explain,
 Don't mind, you will never see it again.
 Y is for Yost, our golden-haired lassie,
 Also our laddie, so tall and so "sassy."
 Z is for zero, the grade we ne'er got,
 Dear gentle readers, believe it or not.

To Lily

(Stolen from the Business Manager's Desk)

When evening comes and scatters stars
Across the purple skies,
I gaze enrapt—so much they seem
Like lovely Lily's eyes.

When Dawn flings wide the gates of day
And paints the heavens, the while,
With God's own colors—joyously
I think of Lily's smile!

Thus Nature's moods and her dear charms
Have joined, in wicked glee,
To captivate me with their wiles
And steal my heart from me.

Avaunt ye Robbers! Vain the quest—
The deed was long since done,
When first I saw her limpid eyes
'Twas then my heart was won!

And star-bright tho her eyes may be
And heavenly sweet her smile—
Her sweet lips red as cherries ripe—
Her pure heart, free from guile—

Not all these beauties, more can win,
For when I heard love's call,
I passed—I looked—I looked again
And then surrendered all!

A green little freshie
In a reckless way
Tasted some dope in the Lab one day.
Now the green little grasses
Gently wave
O'er that green little freshie's
Green little grave.

The Song of a Freshman

Forward, turn forward, O Time, in your flight;
Give me a fortune, and set me up right.
I'm weary of running in debt for my clothes,
And owing for food that down my throat goes;
Weary of working to get what I've got,
Weary of trying to get what I've not;
Never again turn backward for me,
For well I remember my good Mother's knee.

I remember the slipper came down with a slam
Whenever I got in the blackberry jam,
The days, too, at school are a terrible bore,
How can I ever endure them more?
And all in the world that ever I do,
Is to wink at the girls, don't you want me to?
The days that are past, like the days that we meet,
Compose a fine mixture of bitter and sweet.
So forward, turn forward, Time, in your flight,
And give me some cash
Just enough for tonight!

You can always tell a senior,
For his intellect is sound;
You can always tell a junior
From the way he struts around;
You can always tell a sophomore
From his sleepish looks and such;
You can always tell a freshie,
But you can not tell him much.

Miss Eaton (in Drawing Class)—Miss Hale, you are very much interested in Art, aren't you?

Vergean—Yes, I am, but I still call him Mr. Lovett.

Mr. Mercer (angrily)—Mr. Rusk, is there any one thing you can do better than anyone else?

Clark (hopefully)—Yes, I can read my own writin'.

Mr. Shafer—I wish we had the Simon-Benet scale here. It has been used effectively in institutions for the feeble-minded, and I wish we had it here. It could be tried out well.

Miss Lewis—Now, you boys ought to think of this heating as a practical question. In a very few years you will be on boards and—

Bob Smith—I quit playing see-saw years ago.

Miss Keyser (quoting)—“From the log on which he sat
The ice was gently melting.” What kind of humor is that?

Willie C.—I would call that an absurd setting.

Kessel—I would call it a cold setting.

Laetazelle Snyder—Now, let's have the picture made here by the river. Wouldn't it be nice to have a crick in the back?

Frank Ice (talking to Ruth Phillips)—I called to see your father the other evening.

Ruth (fluttering visibly)—Oh, did you?

Frank—Yes, he has been owing me a little bill for some time.

Mr. Higby—What does 1649 stand for?

Mr. Carlin—Charles I was defeated.

Mr. Higby—You began at the wrong end; he was beheaded.

Miss Keyser (discussing the part of the nobles in the Banquet Scene of “Macbeth”) said—The Lord doesn't have much to do; so with a couple of rehearsals, he ought to get along pretty well.

Mr. Higby—What were the last words of Wolfe on the plains of Abraham?

Student (looking dreamily at his beloved)—None but the brave deserve the fair.

Hazel McKinney—Ruth, are you Walish?

Ruth Evans—No, I'm Welch.

Breathes there a girl with taste so dead,
Who never to her chum hath said,
“I'm going to Communtzis”;
Whose stomach ne'er within her burned,
As home her footsteps she hath turned,
From dining at Communtzis?

FRESHMAN GIRL

Dawdy, wide of skirt, afraid;
Slouchy, timid country maid;
Dancing like a load of hay;
Come to work—all work—no play.

SENIOE GIRL

Dainty, neatly gowned, demure;
Self-reliant, poised, and sure;
Trips the tango light of toe;
Work? Nope! Always on the go.

On our team there's a man we call “Cole,”
Who's exceedingly long—though not old;
When he carries the ball
He has only to fall
To gain eight or ten yards—and the goal.

Ruth Phillips is a bonnie lass,
But, oh, the queerest ever!
She loves to walk and talk and dance;
And sometimes, at a boy she'll glance,
But as for study—Never.

Freshman—Have they changed yet?

Juniors—Changed what?

Freshman—Changed work.

Junior—Stranger, what kind of work are you talking about?
Nobody works around here but freshmen and they never change.

Freshman—I mean changed from one class to another.

Junior—Oh, yes, fifteen minutes ago.

Mr. Higby—Mr. Woodley, you gave a very interesting talk in chapel this morning.

Mr. Woodley—Thank you, thank you, I'm glad you like it; I always give originals.

Mr. H.—I have a book at home that has every word of that talk in it.

Mr. W.—What? A book with that in it?

Mr. H.—Yes, the dictionary.

Mr. Rogers—Mr. Ice, what is our chemistry lesson today?

Ice—Alimony, then Arsenic.

Mr. Cornet (new teacher)—Are there no homes in Fairmont for the homeless?

Chambers—Yes, the Dormitory.

Freshie entered room

Teacher—Have you had Lambs' Tales?

Freshie (edging toward door)—No, and I don't want any. I thought this was a literature room. I don't want to study domestic science.

Bessie Berry (handing Leigh Hustead some work to be copied for The Mound)—Now, do that work up right and put a band around it so Miss Keyser can go through it.

Miss Keyser—Put a hoop around it, if you want me to go through it.

"Zeke" Davis went into a store and bought fifty cents worth of moth balls. One hour later he came back looking very dejected.

Clerk—Did you kill any moths with those balls I sold you?

"Zeke" (hanging his head)—No, I tried for an hour, and never hit a one.

A student teacher was having her pupils describe acquaintances.

"How would you express it, to give an idea of a person who always moistens his lips with his tongue?" inquired a boy.

"That's easy," said another boy; "he is just irrigating his mustache."

Mr. Rogers—We are all going to have good lessons tomorrow.

Dave Kennedy—Don't count your chickens before they are hatched.

Mr. R.—You mean, do not enumerate your poultry before the incubator has designated how many it is going to materialize.

Mr. Martin (in chapel)—The special chorus will meet this afternoon. This chorus will be a credit course, the same as drawing, cooking, sewing, and other music.

Mr. Whaley (to Elizabeth Posten at "Dorm" steps)—I'm looking for a flower for Mr. Lively.

Miss Posten (pointing to herself)—You need look no farther, here is one.

Mr. W.—Oh, I'm looking for something easy.

Glenn Carter (rushing out as train pulled in)—Is this my train?

Conductor—I don't know if it is yours or not, it has the B. & O.'s name on it.

Mr. Woodley (in sociology)—Now, Miss Moore, what are some advantages of birth?

Mary (wriggling)—Well—er—I hardly know how to say it, for you see a person who is born has so many advantages over a person who is—er—not born, you know, that—

Mr. W. (fiercely)—Miss Moore, go at once, and have a talk with Mrs. Morrow.

Mr. Martin (in chapel)—Now sing to the bottom of the page and turn over. Begin at the top of page 144, and sing "with your hearts."

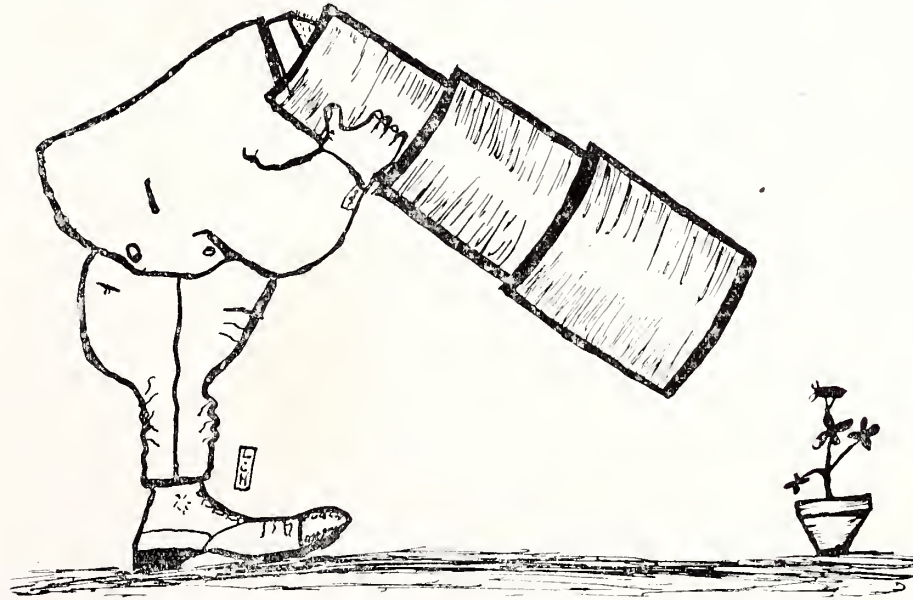
Mr. Higby (directing chorus)—Now, just watch Miss Rice's head. You know, "Every little movement has a meaning of its own."

Laura White (in special methods)—Miss Ice, who wrote the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin?

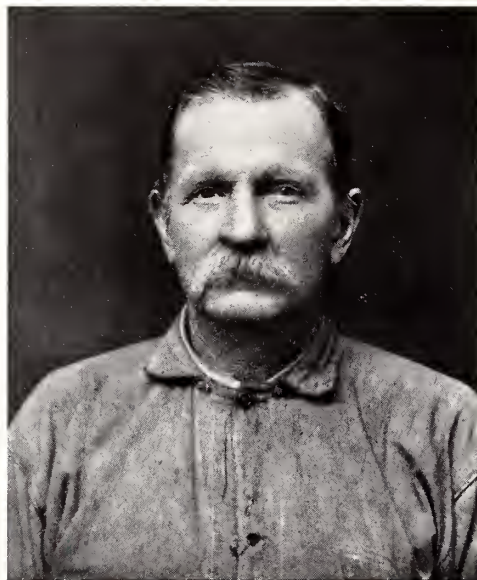
Olive's birthday was near at hand, and Mr. Federer was in a dilemma, even though he had had wide experience in buying birthday presents. Finally, in sheer desperation he, accompanied by Mr. Ice, went down town to buy the gift. Entering a store, he approached a clerk, and confidentially told him he wanted to buy a useful present for a young lady. The clerk pondered a moment, and then suggested that complexion powder was always useful, and at once began to display numerous varieties. Mr. Federer picked up a box of highly scented beautifier and, turning to Mr. Ice, said, "Ice, is this the kind your girl uses?" "Don't know," replied Mr. Ice, "let me taste it."

Jess Bradley—Before we were married you used to catch me in your arms.

Fred B. (angrily)—Yes, and now I catch you in my pockets.



BOTANY

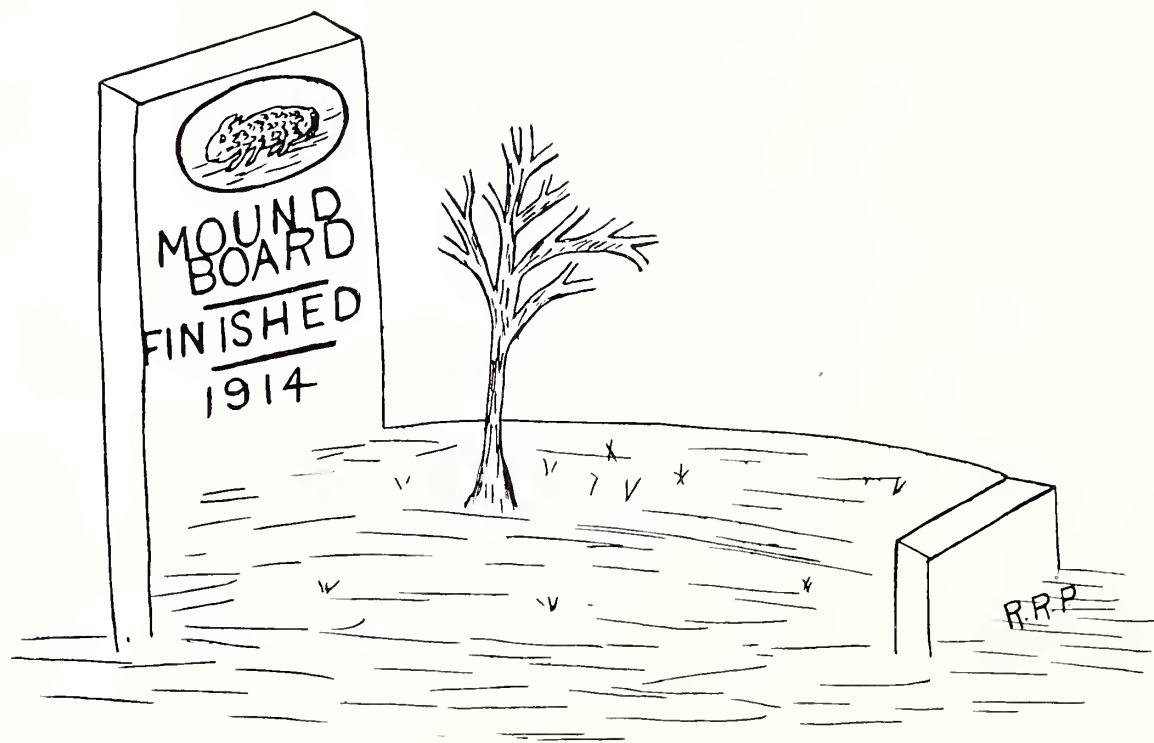


DAD STARN

Mr. Starn is our worthy janitor. He has been here just as long as we have. In winter he keeps us warm and in summer he keeps the lawn a fairyland for lovers. The students love him and he loves them. The class of '14 hope that he may live to see many more classes come and go. While we are not much afraid of any of the faculty, we always trot when he gets after us.



THE MOUND BOARD—NEARING THE END



THANK YOU

We take pleasure in thanking every person who has in any way assisted us in the publication of "THE MOUND." We especially desire to thank Miss Keyser, the literary critic and Miss Eaton, the art critic. We also wish to thank the following Business Men:

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Some "class" to our new models. All the latest style
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Jacobs Building

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We show four full reels every day—sometimes
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European Plan Rooms 50c and 75c
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THE STUDENTS ALL EAT HERE

Meals Served Day and Night. Home Made Pies a Specialty

The National Bank of Fairmont, W. Va.



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SURPLUS, 600,000.00
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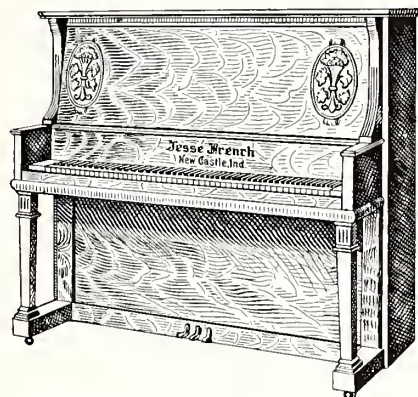
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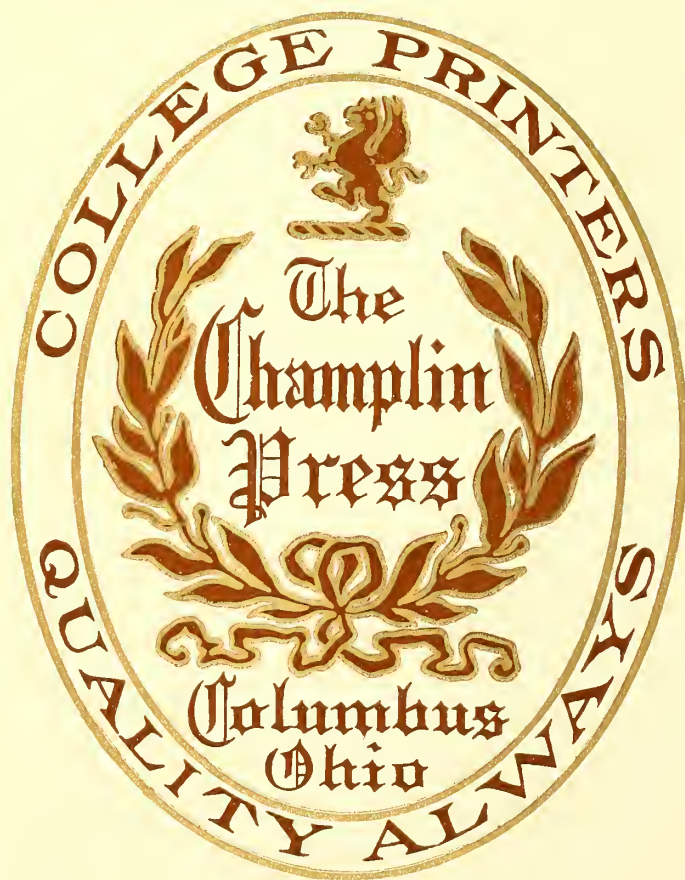
Fairmont Trust Co.

FAIRMONT, W. VA.

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